

MONTANA

the magazine of western history

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YORK IN THE MANDAN VILLAGE, from the original water-color by C. M. Russell.

WINTER, 1960

- WHITE INDIAN • IVY LEAGUE COWBOY • CHEYENNE CEREMONY
- SENATORIAL SCANDAL • GOLD RUSH BY WATER • BARBED WIRE

M O N



T A N A

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western history

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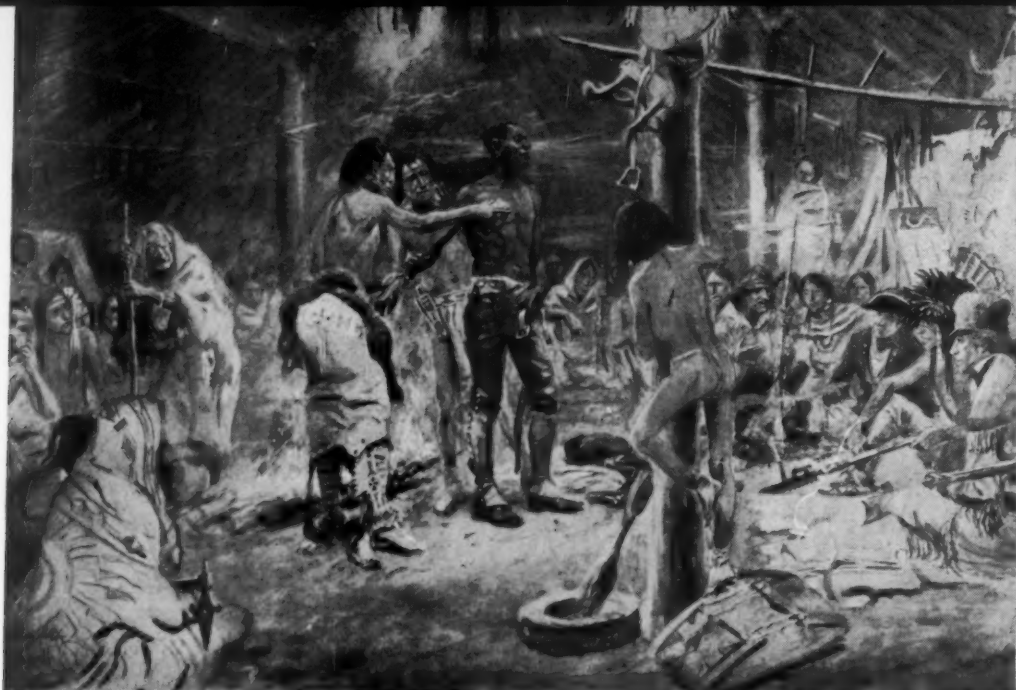
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*"I am at home here, and
I want not only to know
about my homeland, I want
to live intelligently on it.
I want certain data that
will enable me to accom-
modate myself to it. Knowl-
edge helps sympathy to
achieve harmony."*

—J. Frank Dobie

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"No man is fit to be entrusted with the control of the Present who is ignorant of the Past, and no People who are indifferent to their Past need hope to make their Future great. . ."

IN THIS ISSUE

- | | Page | |
|---|------|---|
| C. M. RUSSELL—THE WHITE INDIAN
<i>by Jessie Lincoln Mitchell</i> | 3 | A sensitive sculptor shares her personal memories of the great Cowboy Artist. |
| HARVARD MAN OUT WEST: THE LETTERS OF RICHARD TRIMBLE, 1882-1887
<i>edited by Gene M. Gressley</i> | 14 | The erudite letters of a young New Yorker who tried his hand at Wyoming cattle raising. |
| ISSIWUN: SACRED BUFFALO HAT OF THE NORTHERN CHEYENNE
<i>by Father Peter John Powell</i> | 24 | An ancient rite, seen by white men for the second time in history, is reverently explored. |
| THREE HUNDRED GRAND!
<i>from the unpublished journals of Fred Whiteside
edited by Dorothy M. Johnson</i> | 40 | The 1899 U. S. Senate scandal involving William Andrews Clark was fearlessly reported by an embattled Montana legislator. |
| STEAMBOATS IN THE "IDAHO" GOLD RUSH
<i>by John E. Parsons</i> | 51 | A story of goldseekers on the Missouri and Yellowstone river sternwheelers of the hectic 1860's. |
| THE WIRE THAT TAMED THE WEST
<i>by Wallace Tufford</i> | 62 | The impact of barbed wire on the history and economy of the Great Plains was tremendous. |

READER'S REMUDA, *edited by Robert G. Athearn*..... Page 68
 "GHOST DANCE," by David Humphreys Miller, reviewed by Edgar I. Stewart; "PRUDENT SOLDIER: A BIOGRAPHY OF MAJOR GENERAL E. R. S. CANBY, 1817-1873," by Max L. Heyman, Jr., reviewed by Robert G. Athearn; "THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS: AN INFORMAL HISTORY OF DENVER AND THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS," by Robert L. Perkin, reviewed by Carl Ubbelohde; "ZENAS LEONARD, FUR TRADER," edited by John C. Ewers, reviewed by John Sunder; "RECKONING AT RIMBOW," by Norman A. Fox, reviewed by Lewis B. Patten; "MOLLIE: THE JOURNAL OF MOLLIE DORSEY SANFORD IN NEBRASKA AND COLORADO TERRITORIES, 1857-1866," introduction and notes by Donald F. Danker, reviewed by John A. Brennan; "THE LIBERAL PARTY IN ALBERTA: A HISTORY OF POLITICS IN THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA, 1905-1921," by Lewis G. Thomas, reviewed by Morris Zaslow; "THE FRONTIERS OF NEW SPAIN, NICOLAS DE LAFORA'S DESCRIPTION, 1766-1768," edited and translated by Lawrence Kinnaird, reviewed by Victor C. Dahl.

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|----|--|
| OTHER NOTABLE BOOKS | 74 | Current and belated words about Western offerings. |
| BITS FROM THE EDITOR'S MAIL POUCH | 78 | A potpourri of praises, bloopers and rebuttals. |

OUR COVER SUBJECT. In the cold dreary winter of 1804-5—including a freezing Christmas Day—the hardy troopers of Captains Lewis and Clark spent much time within the remarkable lodges of the fascinating Mandans. The giant negro York, here, as elsewhere during the important two years' exploration, was an object of consuming curiosity. This famed C. M. Russell painting, from the permanent collection of the Historical Society of Montana, is the most magnificent art depiction of the event in existence. It is a large watercolor, painted in 1908.



A Christmas Story

THE AUTHOR of this article on Charles M. Russell recently recalled a Christmas in Great Falls long ago when she got a rare glimpse of the deeply spiritual side of the great cowboy artist. Mrs. Mitchell says that she hesitated writing about this occasion because it was so long ago and many of the details are blurred in her memory. But at this holiday season we know she won't mind sharing this with our readers.

Mrs. Mitchell was working on a "living picture" of the Madonna and Child to be presented at a Great Falls hotel. Russell became absorbed in helping her to recreate with live models the classic Renaissance version of the Christmas scene. "All I remember about the picture itself was that we selected the lovely Mrs. Hull for the Madonna—the rest of the figures in the tableau I have forgotten. We had really worked hard on the picture, but there were few who took the time to appreciate it.

"We discovered that Christmas Eve that Russell had a spiritual depth few had sounded. The committee had made the blunder of mixing Christmas cheer with the sacred meaning of the Yuletide, and with Charlie that night the two didn't mix. He was a man of many parts and not the least was his philosophy of life. To him there was a time for everything—a time to love, a time to hate, a time to be drunk and a time to be sober.

"And that Christmas he was absorbed with the idea of copying, in living figures, the Madonna and Child of the Renaissance, and it definitely did not harmonize with the atmosphere of the hotel that Christmas Eve.

"As we left the Palm Room and the merry-makers and passed through the lobby of the hotel, we saw Charlie slouched in a chair, one leg over its arm, and his Stetson pulled down over his face.

"We did not disturb him, but put our shoulders against the big door and braced ourselves against the wind and snow that blew in from the street. The snow whipped about us and the wind brought to us some late carolers singing, 'Unto us this night a Child is born'."



C. M. RUSSELL--THE WHITE INDIAN

A Sensitive Sculptor and Artist Shares Her Personal
Memories of a Warm and Helpful Friendship
With the Greatest of Them All

by Jessie Lincoln Mitchell

"DID RUSSELL ever impress you as a 'white Indian?'" the noted sculptor, Lorado Taft, adjusting his glasses, asked me after examining my works of the famous Western artist, Charles Marion Russell. "Yes," I replied. "No one could model his face without being struck with the strong resemblance."

Montanans know that Russell had no Indian blood in his veins, that he was born in St. Louis of a genteel family and that not until after he was 15 years old was he granted permission to migrate to the land of his dreams.

But Russell not only had the strong features of the Indian, he had their pronounced characteristics. He was quiet, meditative, and, when he spoke, his voice was low and his words few. But Russell was a blonde, his eyes small and gray-blue, and his light hair coarse and straight as it hung in an unruly lock over his forehead.

He was about five feet eight, with heavy shoulders and neck exaggerated by a goiter. This was not too noticeable, for his shirts were made to order. His hips and legs were slender and his small feet were fitted to expensive cowboy boots. When Charlie spoke, he rarely opened his mouth, but spoke from out of the corner,

I am drawing you a word picture of a man whom I knew, whom I consider the greatest of western painters. I believe the art world is fast reaching that agreement, and his paintings and bronzes are more and more sought after at fabulous sums.

Here was not only a great artist at painting and sculpturing, but an artistic story-teller as well. This was realized by all who heard Charlie, in his droll way, tell a fresh and often arresting story apropos of something being discussed. He never argued but gave his opinion in his Russell way by telling a story amusingly, yet filled with truth.

There are comparatively few people living today who knew Russell, as I



JESSIE LINCOLN MITCHELL

Jessie Lincoln Mitchell is of the first generation in this country. Her father was Frederick Bromby Staines, son of Henry Bromby Staines, of Staines, England. The place was named for the family, and there on the Runnymede Field, her ancestor, Baron Robert De Ros, one of the famous twenty-five barons, signed the Magna Carta. Her mother, Eula Staines, and her grandfather, Henry Bromby Staines, were artists.

Mrs. Mitchell was born in Henderson, Kentucky. She received her art education at the Eric Pape School at Boston, Mass. She studied under Tolles Chamberlain of the Chouinard School of Art, Los Angeles, and took special work under Sherry Peticolos. Her first husband, who passed away, was a Bostonian. They had two children.

She later married Harry B. Mitchell, three times mayor of Great Falls and for 18 years, longer than any other man, head of the U. S. Civil Service Commission in Washington, D. C. "The memory I most cherish of my husband," Mrs. Mitchell writes, "is upon the occasion of his retirement, when a dinner was given for him and the master of ceremonies introduced him as 'one of the most beloved men in Washington.'" Mr. Mitchell died Sept. 30, 1955.

Exhibits by Mrs. Mitchell have been held throughout Montana, Washington, D. C., and Kentucky. Her sculptured figure of Suzanne S. Towles, prominent Kentuckian, received national recognition, as have her Sacajawea, the Lotus Eaters, the Madonna, Montana's Senator T. J. Walsh, Charles Marion Russell, and others. A bronze memorial plaque by her stands as a state landmark at the Bear Paw Battle Ground in northeastern Montana.

Mrs. Mitchell now resides at Fountain Gardens, 2229 N Street, Sacramento, California.

did. Gone are the old Indians he loved, gone are the buffalo, and gone with the soft loping winds of the plains are the lazy, quiet days.

We came to Great Falls, Montana, in 1912, my husband having accepted a position with the Anaconda Copper Mining Company—at that time the backbone of Montana. It was all but impossible to find a house to our liking, so we took "Hobson's choice" until we could find something better. My small daughter and son and I walked the streets the following days in search of a better house.

"Don't be discouraged, Mother," my small daughter finally said, "we'll find something. You know men are not as good at house-hunting as women."

Whereupon we came to a most attractive log cabin building. I stopped short and said, "There! We could make an adorable home out of that." As I hurried to the real estate office, the artistic side of my nature was tingling with anticipation.

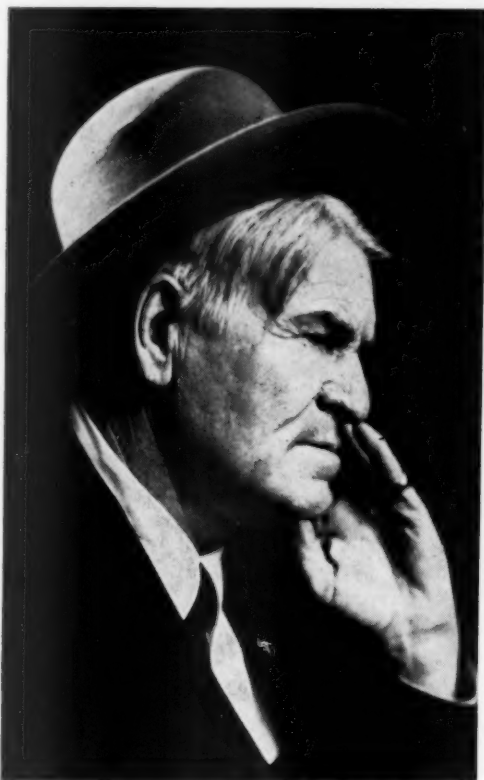
With two little kiddies clinging to my hands, I told my story to realtor. He smiled and said, "Have you heard of Charlie Russell, our cowboy painter? Well, that's his studio." Then he looked at me as if he were almost sorry the house was not for us.

"Haven't you seen him since you have been here?"

I shook my head, still thinking of that log cabin.

"Well, you'll know him when you do, for he wears a Stetson on the back of his head, and a red breed sash at his waist. Can't mistake him—there's only one Charlie Russell."

A few days later the street car I was on stopped for a passenger and in stepped a man of medium height—obviously a cowboy dressed in a sombrero and wearing cowboy boots. As he reached for the strap I caught a flash of a scarlet sash. That marked the man! I looked casually away, only to stare again when he was not looking. Yes, that was my first sight of Charles Marion Russell.



This strong picture of Charles M. Russell, considered by many to be the finest studio portrait ever made of him, was taken by Hildore C. Eklund on Oct. 17, 1926, just a week before his death.

Several years later we moved next door to the log cabin and the Russells. This was the beginning of a friendship with a rare and most unique man.

I soon learned that it would be quite impossible to think of Charlie without including Nancy, his wife, for although Charlie was then the great Russell, Nancy was the wagon boss, and since the day they were married, she had taken it upon herself to remodel Charlie-the-cowboy into Russell-the-great-painter. I take my hat off to her, for she did a magnificent job.

Charlie was never cantankerous. If he did not like a person he appeared not to see him. If he did like someone, he went out of his way to be kind and tolerant, and like Will Rogers, he met few men in whom he couldn't find some good.

I think he enjoyed his neighbors, especially our small fry of a son. These two soon sealed their friendship over a dead mother robin. Russell was a great lover of all wild life, and he had

helped his mother robin with her nest in the backyard. He and Son were together when they heard the wild cries of the mother bird, and rushing too late to her aid, they found an old alley cat had killed her.

Son stood in awed fascination at the words that rolled from the corner of Mr. Russell's mouth. Then they sat down on the lower step and were quiet. Finally, Son turned to the man next to him and said, "Do you like cats?" This was where I left the scene.

Later when I returned, I saw Son driving the last nail in a box.

"What have you there?" I inquired with curiosity, and my young undertaker replied, "This is the cat that killed Mr. Russell's mother robin. I'm burying it."

"Oh, not alive!" I cried. I felt that here was where mercy must season justice. "Quick, off with the top!"

The cat when released gave one frantic bound and the last we saw of it was a streak down the alley such as jets today leave across the sky. This was to mark, however, the beginning of a friendship . . . of a man and a boy.

A few days later, Son received *The Indian Why Stories* by Frank Linderman, illustrated by Charles M. Russell. Son asked Mr. Russell if he would autograph the book, and Charlie replied, "Bring it over. I'll do more than autograph it for you."

And a few days later, Charlie handed Son the book in which he had painted a lovely book-plate and had written to his little friend this poem:

The West is dead my friend,
But writers hold the seed
And what they sow will live and grow
Again to those who read.

(Signed) C. M. Russell—1917

Some weeks after meeting Russell, we attended a large dance, and to our surprise, there were Mr. and Mrs. Russell. Somehow I never associated



Charlie Russell's resemblance to his Red brothers was never more apparent than when he posed for this picture in Helena. This was taken in about 1888, just before he went to Canada to live with the Blood Indians.

this cowboy with dinner jackets and dancing, but there he was and wearing the inevitable scarlet sash and high boots.

We danced one dance, then Charlie said, "I don't like to dance. Do you? Nancy says I have to come for Charity's sake. Is that why you came?"

"Yes," I replied, and we sat down. For the remainder of the evening, Charlie entertained me with his story telling and salty remarks.

"Look at that gal. She ain't got on as much as my grandmother wore when she hopped into bed!"

After knowing Russell better, I often wondered if much of his illiteracy of speech and spelling were not a part of the West he had whole-heartedly adopted, for I have read poems by him without a flaw.

When Charlie was in the mood, he talked and could throw an entire roomful of people into stitches, but when not inclined to tell a story or philosophize, he could sit for an evening and seem absorbed in thoughts far distant.

Once when Russell was having a one-man show of his canvasses in New

York, one of the high officials of the Anaconda Company thought he would offer his friends a rare treat by giving a dinner for Russell. He prepared his friends by telling them that they were to hear one of the greatest story tellers and one of the wittiest men he ever knew. Charlie went to the dinner—perhaps Nancy made him—but he was in no frame of mind to enjoy himself. He didn't like New York. He didn't like polished and sophisticated New Yorkers.

The dinner began, the dinner progressed. Charlie sat there unimpressed and silent. With each passing moment his host became more and more frustrated. He struggled in every way to bring Charlie out. Finally, as he was too distraught to do anything but bring the dinner to a close, the many kinds of wine hit Charlie, and he turned to his host and drawled, "You know our cows in Montana in the hot August sun is nearer dead than that beef served tonight."

From then until dawn, Charlie told story after story, and the guests went reeling home with laughter, and perhaps with wine.

Not long before Charlie died, he was invited to join The Roundtable Club of Great Falls. He declined by saying they were too high brow for him—his field was painting, not writing. But they would not take no for an answer, telling him that he need not prepare a paper, but for himself they wanted him as a member.

The first night he was present, one of the most brilliant minds in the club had a paper on the German philosopher, Nietzsche. When the masterpiece was finished, Charlie was the first to comment, and my husband said no one that evening opened his mouth except to scream with laughter, for Charlie was at his best. He was among men he liked and there was Nietzsche whom he didn't like.



Mrs. Mitchell created this bust (left) of her late husband, Hon. Harry B. Mitchell, who served as head of the U. S. Civil Service Commission longer than any other man. He was honored by his associates with the dedication of this bust shortly after his death, on Sept. 30, 1955. One of Mrs. Mitchell's finest works is the head of Win-no-noosh, Cherokee Indian girl, now in the Audubon Museum in Kentucky, pictured center above. At the right is a profile photo of Mrs. Mitchell's model of the late great Senator T. J. Walsh of Montana, Attorney General-elect of the U. S., in the original Cabinet of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Dignified ministers and sober doctors threw back their heads and laughed till their faces were crimson. As they left the meeting, the writer of the paper said, "And to think I spent a year writing that paper, and instead of a Nietzsche night, it was a spontaneous Charlie Russell night!"

I recall we met Charlie at a bridge party one evening. The hostess had divided her party into two groups—those who did not care for cards could enjoy conversation in the study. And there was where we found Charlie. Gradually during the evening, the guests migrated toward the little group where Russell was.

Finally the conversation took up the absorbing topic of the moment—a certain prominent social leader had committed an unpardonable sin and gossip was rampant. One of the group present said, "I think we are too condemning, for she did not know what she was doing. She was intoxicated."

Charlie leaned back in his chair and replied to this in his inimitable manner by telling a story:

"Did you ever hear of the two old Italians who came to Great Falls in the early days? They had a few animals and some circus equipment. That night some cowboys thought they would

whoop it up by getting drunk and going to the circus.

"Well, they durned near wrecked that place. They got in amongst the animals and they played havoc. The poor Italians got hold of the judge and brought the cowboys to court.

"The judge said, 'Well, gentlemen, them boys didn't know what they were doing. They was drunk.'

"One little Italian jumped to his feet and screamed, 'Didn't know whata dey wasa doings? Dey kicka da monk! Dey wringa da parriot's neck. But dey NO KICKER DA BEAR!'"

That was all Charlie had to say.

* * *

Most people now realize that our Charlies Marion Russell was not only a great painter, but a true philosopher. Russell painted action; nothing was static in his pictures save the dim Rockies in the background. As has often been recorded, Russell modestly said, "I am an illustrator." He was, of course, far more than that. No canvas of his needed a title, yet most of his titles were classics. He put on canvas a story the common man could read. As you stand before a Russell picture, you intuitively know what his cowboy is up to, what his Indian is thinking, how scared is his mongrel dog. And often



This portrait in the later life of Young Boy, Russell's favorite Indian model, was painted in 1958 by John Segesman working from an Eklund photo. Painting in Historical Society of Montana collection.

enveloping such a scene is the glorious sunset, shining through the dust of the western outpost. In his pictures he makes you feel the immensity, the intensity, the vitality and the meaning of his West.

Shortly after living next door to the Russells, I expressed a desire to some time watch Mr. Russell paint. Nancy said, "I would be glad for you to visit the studio and watch him, if you do as a few of his old friends do. Sit quietly and never disturb him." When the time came, she said, "You may go in now if you wish." She unlatched the big, rough studio door, and I entered.

It was a large room filled with the Old West—boots, saddles, spurs, sculpturing, canvasses, paints, and flooding it all was the pungent smell of Indian smoked moccasins.

And why not, for there beyond the painter stood Young Boy, Charlie's favorite model—tall, straight and immobile.

Mr. Russell turned and said, "Come in."

I quietly sat down in the kitchen-like chair he designated and felt much like Alice beyond the mirror. Mr. Russell went quietly on painting and I was relieved. Finally he said, "If you ever

want a good model you can have Young Boy. There's no better." With that Young Boy cast his eyes on me, but it was his only gesture of recognition as he stood motionless.

I heard the big clock on the wall tick off the time, but that was the only sound in the studio. I thought how obedient Nancy might think me if she were outside the door.

All at once Russell leaned back in his chair and let his hand—the one holding the brush—rest listlessly on his knee. He sat there some time studying the picture. Then he leaned forward and dipped his brush in scarlet paint and gave one dab to a figure; it sprang into view like magic. Charlie turned and smiled at me. Not a word was spoken. We both felt the satisfaction of the moment.

I recall that I had the rare privilege of watching Charlie paint what was to be one of his last pictures. It was then showing plainly that work was a bit laborious for him. The goiter should have been removed long ago, but Charlie frankly confessed he was "scared of these damn surgeons."

He said to Young Boy, "You go see Mrs. Lincoln sometime. She use you for model."

So often after Charlie died, Young Boy came to the house. He never made his visits known, but entered by the kitchen door unannounced. He seemed grateful for the food given him, and if I were not at home, I always knew of his having been there by the remaining scent of the smoke of the tepee.

* * *

We all know that Charlie loved the Indians. This incident happened long before I knew him; but you may have heard that for some six months Russell lived with an old chief of the Blood Indians in Canada and fell in love with his daughter, a lovely young girl named

"The Bug Hunters," which Mrs. Mitchell said she could have bought for \$35, was made in 1926, the year of the artist's death. Thirteen bronze casts were made of the original model, which the Historical Society of Montana now owns. The model is 6" x 7¼" x 4½" in size.

Kee-oh-mee. He painted several pictures of her—"The Water Girl," two or more under her name and others. The Bloods called him, "Ah-wah-Cous," which means "antelope."

What happened that winter of 1888-89 in Canada no one seems to know, but Charlie came back to Cascade and there met at the home of one of his old friends a young girl of sixteen, who was living with the Roberts family as a helper. They were both attracted to each other and were soon married. The girl was Nancy Cooper.

This is generally recognized by his biographers as the turning point in Charlie Russell's life; for though Nancy was young and quite alone in the great open spaces of Montana, except for the Roberts family, she became the driving power of Russell's life.

After their marriage, Nancy (who was also known as "Mame") and Charlie came to Great Falls, and here with the help of close friends of Charlie's they procured the house near the Albert Triggs. They spoke of these people as "Father" and "Mother" Trigg. It was these cultured, lovely people, together with the daughter, Miss Josephine, who educated Nancy Russell and encouraged her to go to night school to become one of the most successful agents, secretaries, and business managers all put together that any artist ever had.

Nancy made enemies when she separated Charlie from his old cronies and encouraged him to paint to support them and cautioned him not to barter off his art for a drink across a bar or for just enough for a meal, as he had done so many times.

Charlie loved to paint, and he did it from the earliest knowledge we have of him. But as for setting a rigid—and often high—price on his work, it took



Nancy to do that. I recall the first picture Charlie Russell sold for a startling price—Nancy's price. It was for \$15,000! That morning the papers announced it in one inch lettering my husband walked down town with Russell. When he congratulated him, Charlie smiled and mumbled, "Gosh, that's a dead man's price." Little did he know that the dead man's price would bring today four times that amount.

At that time, I could have had one of Russell's bronzes for \$35. It sells now at Tiffany's for \$1,000! To me it is one of Russell's finest pieces of modeling. It is a mother bear lifting a stone for her cubs to eat the ants beneath it. (See picture above.)

It is generally known that Charlie always carried a piece of beeswax in his pocket just because he liked to casually model as he whiled away the time talking to old cronies.

One day I was working on a small statue of a cupid when Charlie came in. I said, "Welcome! I need you. What's the matter with this pose?"

Charlie came to the stand where I was working, looked at it gloomily, then sat down and drew the little figure to him. He poked it here and added clay there. Finally the cupid vanished and there stood an Indian. He pushed it back and we stared at each other.

He said, "Who ever told you I could make an angel? I only make Injuns."

When my husband came in, Charlie said, "You know that I've just turned an angel into an Indian? Did you ever



hear the story about the Englishman who showed one of your old New Englanders a coin and said, 'The king on this coin made my grandfather a lord!' The old man looked at it and finally drawled, 'Well, see the Injun on this cent piece? He made my grandfather an angel!'

Charlie then told of the time he painted a picture of Cascade. He said it was a winter scene and he gave it to one of his old friends, who looked at it for some time, then remarked, "Charlie, you and me knows it gets 45 below zero in that town, but you ain't got a goddam chimney in the whole town!"

"And sure enough," concluded Charlie, "I hadn't painted a durned chimney. Queer how you do things like that."

Charlie painted because he loved that way of life, and he painted with no thoughts of remuneration. He was the one who said, "Any man that can make a living doing what he likes is lucky, and I'm that. Any time I cash in now, I win."

This is the interesting and rarely-seen seated figure of C. M. Russell, sculpted by Jessie Lincoln Mitchell a few years after the artist's death. This model was eventually accepted by the Montana State Commission empowered in 1929 to have a Russell statue created for Statuary Hall in Washington. It was chosen in a national contest in 1931, but the project was dropped when controversy arose—particularly when Nancy Russell failed to give the statue her approval. Mrs. Mitchell has recently written: "If I may be permitted to say a few words about my own statue of Russell . . . I felt I had put something in my work that other people might feel. My seated figure of Russell shows him as I often saw him at work. Thus did others see him, too, for Baldy Ruck, when he went from model to model in the 1931 contest, passed the others silently but coming to mine he stopped, stood for a time, then said: 'That's Charlie. I see him sit like that many, many time.' This half-breed had ridden the plains with Russell and had known him over many years. My life, too, has been greatly enhanced for having known Charles Marion Russell. He was, and continues to be, an inspiration to those who love and know the West."

While in New York exhibiting the last time, Charlie visited another art gallery. One picture, he told me, was the most awful thing he ever saw, but it fascinated him to realize any human mind could conceive such a thing.

"I was standin' studyin' the thing," he said, "when all at once I was conscious that someone had been standin' for some time beside me. When I turned and looked at the fellow, he said, 'What do you think of the picture?'"

"I answered, 'I haven't got that far. What I want to know is what is it?'"

"The chap replied, 'It's The Inner Man.'"

"I said, 'Well, he durn quick needs a doctor.'"

"Says the creator of this monstrosity, 'Thank you. I am glad to have your reaction. You are Charles Russell, are you not?'"

"'Yeh,' I said. But I was awful busy lookin' at my watch and I added, 'It's lunch time and I'll miss the roundup.'"

"He was a hell of a good sport, for he invited me to have lunch with him, so I took it he wasn't too much put out the way I felt about his Inner Man. Later I found out all his mind wasn't so mixed up, for we got to be good friends and the following summer he and his wife visited us at our summer cabin on Lake McDonald. We hit the trail together often, and I sorter feel

This statue of C. M. Russell was created by John B. Weaver, curator of the Historical Society of Montana and formally placed early this year in Statuary Hall in Washington, D. C. Its dedication as Montana's first entry into the national shrine culminated more than 30 years of effort. The Cowboy Artist's friends began the effort soon after his death in 1926, and formal sanction finally came in 1929 when a commission for the purpose was empowered by the State Legislature. Mrs. Mitchell's seated figure of Russell (opposite page) was chosen in a nation-wide contest, in which many eminent sculptors were competing; but the project was dropped because of the disapproval of Mrs. C. M. Russell. There followed many years of frustrating delay and controversy, including the failure of the 1947 Legislature to provide an appropriation item in a bill introduced by Representative Henry Loble and approved by the lawmakers. With the creation in 1955 of the Montana Fine Arts Commission, progress again was made to honor Russell in the Nation's capitol. An impartial panel of three able men selected the Weaver statue from several entries and a new drive to replenish funds was made. Late in 1958, this magnificent 7-foot likeness of the great artist was dedicated at Washington, D. C.

he's not so mixed up now, for he's gettin' his colors together so as people know what he's sayin'."

We were up to the Russell cabin one summer, and there were animals most of the time about the place. Unafraid they passed by the cabin on their way to the lake for water. They had made a pathway near the house as if they sensed the protection of the place.

The Indians, too, came there, and left the cabin strong with the scent of their smoked elkskins. Outside, the air was pungent with the sweet smell of the pines, for the sun was hot on the trees.

Charlie Russell was loved by everyone who knew him; even the wild things felt that brotherhood. At night, the deer came nosing about the cabin and the trees were full of his feathered friends.

* * *

At this time I was much interested in the Lewis and Clark expedition and that intrepid Indian girl, Sacajawea, who led the little band safely through some of the perilous wilderness.

Russell had just finished drawing a blue sketch of the three of them, Lewis, Clark and Sacajawea, and showed it to me. [Russell never did a clay model as he evidently intended, but Nancy later commissioned Sculptor Henry Lion of Los Angeles to create one based on



Russell's drawing. After her death, only one was cast in bronze and it is now the property of the Historical Society of Montana. Ed.] See page 13.

The Pioneers of Montana were also at this time interested in placing an heroic statue of Sacajawea at the Gates of the Mountains and so I made a small model of her.

I took it to Charlie for criticism, and I have to laugh when I recall the way he looked when he saw it.

"I don't suppose you ever saw a Mandan or a Shoshone squaw, did you?" And he looked at me with a touch of disappointment. "Well, if one was ever caught with her buckskin skirt up to



Mrs. Mitchell's model of Sacajawea and her child, "Pomp," was guided in its creation by the great C. M. Russell, who pointed out to her many facts about knives, costume, and other significant bits of Indian lore.

her knees and her dress off her shoulders like this, the old chief wouldn't look around for a white man to scalp!"

We both laughed while Charlie looked about for a pencil and paper. While he drew me an Indian maiden's dress, he said, "You never depict a squaw without this knife in her belt. They were *never* without it."

I was amazed at the size of the squaw knife, and Mr. Russell continued, "They used these knives for everything—to kill, to skin, to scrape."

I still have the little drawings he made me of the Mandan's dress and the knife, and my model of Sacajawea was to that extent guided by Russell. [See figure above.]

With all Russell's rough life on the plains with the cowboys and his home with the Indians, Charlie himself was not rough, but quiet and gentle. Russell had a great underlying spiritual self. This was not evidenced so much in words as in his life. In his bigness, he was tender and understanding, but his keen gray eyes and his square, firm jaw said plainly, "Thus far and no further."

We knew Frank Linderman, the writer; Johnny Ritch, the clever Montana poet; Sid Willis who owned the Mint Gallery and Saloon where Charlie

sold many a painting for a drink and where many tourists stopped to see the collection of Russell's works.

We knew Senator Walsh, George Calvert, who for years bunked with Charlie, and some of the old Indians who loved Charlie. All of these are gone; they were among Charlie's countless friends.

I recall with vividness when Mrs. Russell got her first car. Charlie was passively concerned. He said, "If Mamie wants one of those stink-wagons, she can have it, but I like the smell of horse flesh."

Some way, some how, Nancy inveigled him into trying it out, for I saw them leaving the studio one morning in the auto with Charlie sitting in the rear seat with his feet up on the back of the front seat. He seemed relaxed and quite confident in Nancy's handling of the "stink wagon". That was the only time I ever saw Russell tamed to the times.

Nancy had Charlie's boots made to order of the softest leather. His Stetson was made for him, and his shirts were made to order to cover the goiter. This may sound dapper, together with his turquoise rings and red sash, but no one noticed how fine were the clothes, for Charlie wore them with his cowboy carelessness.

It was in October 1926 when they brought Russell back from Mayo's, where he had been operated upon for the goiter. I think all about the place there was that ominous stillness one feels just before death. So when the news came to us that a great friend of the old West had passed on, we were all the more saddened, but not shocked, for we had been told that Charlie had put off the operation too long.

This was an Indian summer day, the 24th of October, 1926, when the great heart of the West, symbolized in Russell, ceased its struggles.

C. M. Russell and his adopted son, Jack, are pictured in 1917. The artist had great affection for his son, of whom he wrote: "He was a little two months sick ear when we put our iron on him."

One of the longest funeral processions ever seen in Montana passed slowly down the avenue to the little Episcopal church and then out to the cemetery. It was not a city's grief, but the whole West's.

Everything was carried out exactly as Charlie had asked. He had said, "I don't want any automobiles at my funeral, and when they lower my bones, do it with my horse's reins."

Later, when we saw the tombstone Mrs. Russell had selected, we found it to be a huge boulder on which his name was carved and just above the name was a small pocket worn in the boulder by the winds and rains. His wife said, "I thought Charlie would like this. It's a good nesting place for one of his feathered friends."

The autumn days have come and gone, the hot Montana sun has relentlessly beaten down upon the grave and the winter snows have been driven off by the welcome Chinook—the old south wind. All of this does not diminish the memory of Charles Marion Russell. But today the entire world is more con-



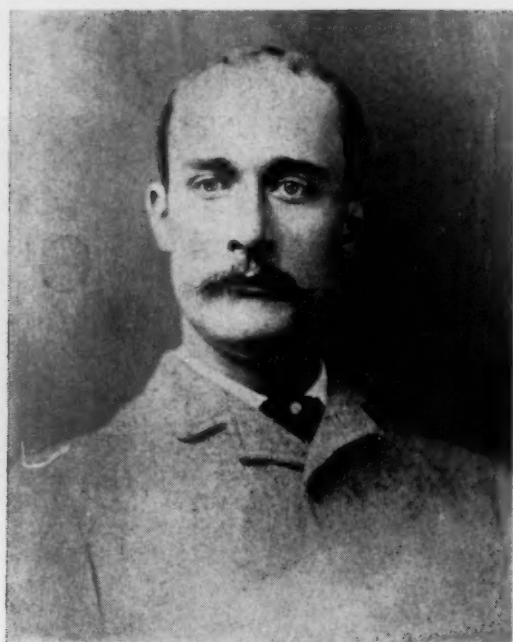
scious of Russell than ever. His paintings and sculpture are so greatly in demand that the public searches for anything that bears his signature of the buffalo skull and "C. M. Russell."

From Russell's grave, one can look off across the great plains and see in the far distance the mountains along the horizon, blue as concord grapes. At eventide, the plains and clouds are golden from the setting sun, and the boulder catches the crimson that floods it all. Beneath this rock sleeps the man of the red sash, and the turquoise rings, and the high-heeled boots.

There have been many notable characters in my life, but none so unique and unforgettable as "the White Indian." One thinks of him in the evening, when the wind stirs the grass and the meadow lark sings her evening song, and the great gold sun sinks behind the jagged Rockies.



This is the rare Henry Lion bronze mentioned on page 11. It is now on loan, for public display, at the University of Montana at Missoula.



HARVARD MAN

OUT WEST:

THE LETTERS

OF RICHARD TRIMBLE,

1882-1887

Edited by Gene M. Gressley

ALIGHTING from a grimy, red plush Victorian furnished railroad car at Cheyenne in September, 1882, Richard Trimble was undoubtedly nonplused when he viewed his surroundings, although he may have had a decidedly negative reaction when the omnipresent wind whipped cinders from the trains into his eyes.

For a young man of twenty-five, Trimble had seen considerably more of the world than most men of his generation. Born in New York City on March 26, 1857, the son of Merritt Trimble, president of the Bank of Savings, he matriculated at Everson's school. He received his Bachelor of Arts degree from Harvard College in 1880. The following October the recent graduate left on an around-the-world tour with his college friend, Robert Bacon.¹ Returning from his grand tour, Trimble took a position with Lawrence Taylor's Dry Goods Company from May, 1881, to July, 1882. After a trip via ship from New York to San Francisco in the fall of 1882, Trimble was on his way home by rail when he stopped off at Cheyenne.

Richard Trimble, sophisticated New Yorker who sought adventure and wealth in the western cattle business, is pictured above as a young man. His letters to his family were given to the University of Wyoming by his daughter, Mrs. Margaret Trimble Pease of New York, some 70 years after her father had given up his dream and gone back to more solid pursuits, including the post of Secretary-Treasurer of United States Steel.

At the train station, he was met by two Harvard classmates, Hubert Teschemacher² and Fred deBillier.³ Three years earlier, Teschemacher and deBillier had come to Cheyenne with the announced purpose of investing in the cattle industry. Quickly setting about to achieve their role as frontier entrepreneurs, they became the owners of three ranches and 2,000 cattle in nine months' time. All their visions of financial success appeared to be realized when in 1881 a \$34,431 profit was accrued on a total investment of \$158,000.⁴ The two partners soon went through two incorporations, which finally brought the paid-up capital to almost \$500,000.

Their optimism, engendered by early high profits, was soon clouded by much smaller returns. Actually the cattle boom for the Teschemacher and deBillier Company, as well as many other concerns, was of amazingly short-lived duration. By 1884, two years after Richard Trimble had arrived in Cheyenne, the Teschemacher and deBillier Cattle



Hubert Teschemacher and Fred deBillier are among these prominent Wyoming cattlemen who allegedly hired gunmen of Texas and other places to "invade" northern Wyoming in search of rustlers, setting off the famed "Johnson County War." This historic and extremely significant photo was taken on May 4, 1892, at Fort D. A. Russell (later called Fort Francis E. Warren). DeBillier is number 20 and Teschemacher is number 24. From the Wyoming Stock Growers Association Collection, University of Wyoming Archives.

Company was forced by declining cattle market to cut its dividend to four per cent.⁵ The falling cattle prices and overproduction (obviously corollaries) afflicted the entire cattle industry. However, the Teschemacher and deBillier business was plagued by two additional problems: division of managerial authority and loosely-kept account books, neither one of which was ever

completely solved. From 1882 to 1887, the three officers of the company, H. E. Teschemacher, Fred deBillier and Richard Trimble shared managerial duties. This multi-administrative arrangement frequently led to confusion in the direction of the company's affairs. With the departure in 1887 of Trimble, who had

¹ Financier and diplomat, Robert Bacon, was born in Jamaica Plain, Mass., July 5, 1860. He entered Harvard College in 1876, in the same class as Theodore Roosevelt and Richard Trimble. Upon leaving college he became a clerk in the banking house of E. Rollins Morse & Brother of Boston. Bacon was rapidly promoted until he became a member of the firm. J. P. Morgan invited him to become a junior partner of his financial house in 1899. He played an active role in two large financial mergers, the Northern Securities of 1901 and the International Mercantile Marine Company in 1902. A year later he retired from Morgan and Company. President Theodore Roosevelt started him on a diplomatic career with an appointment as First Assistant Secretary of State in 1905. Bacon served a brief term as Secretary of State in 1909. In the latter part of the same year, Bacon was appointed Ambassador to France by President Taft, a post he retained until 1912. Bacon was appointed to General Pershing's staff in 1917. He died at his home in New York City on May 29, 1919. *The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography*, XIV (New York, 1917), 16-17.

² Born in Boston, June 30, 1856, Hubert E. Teschemacher was the son of one of the few Argonauts of '49 who made a fortune in the California gold rush. Graduating from Harvard in 1878, Teschemacher stayed on for six months attempting to study law. Turning to the cattle business for an occupation, he left for Wyoming in August, 1879. "Teschy," as he was called by his friends, was quite popular in the Territory and played a much more prominent role in local politics than did his partner, deBillier. He served on the executive committee of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, 1883-1892. He was also a member of the Territorial House in 1884, member of the Territorial Council in 1886, and delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1889. He left the West in 1892, residing with his parents in Switzerland until their deaths. Returning to New England, Teschemacher died in Boston, January 25, 1907, after a short illness of pneumonia.

³ Frederic deBillier was born in New York City, December 16, 1857. His father was a partner in the financial house of Weston and deBillier. Graduating from Harvard with the class of 1878, he spent three months in a brokerage concern on Wall Street, followed by another three months in Texas. DeBillier formed a partnership in September, 1879, with H. E. Teschemacher in Cheyenne. After the Johnson County Cattle "War" of 1892, he suffered a nervous breakdown and left Wyoming. The next three years were spent traveling through Europe. He was connected with Weston and deBillier from 1896 to 1908. In the last year, he entered the United States Foreign Service. During the next 16 years, he was appointed to a succession of diplomatic posts in Iran, Greece, Bolivia, Rome and Peru. DeBillier resigned in July, 1924; he died at Nice, France in 1935. The author is indebted to Mr. Charles K. Cobb of Boston for biographical data on both H. E. Teschemacher and Frederic deBillier. Mr. Cobb is the son of the former Teschemacher family attorney.

⁴ Ledger, 1881-1882, Teschemacher and deBillier Catt'e Company Collection, Western History and Archives Department, University of Wyoming, Laramie.

⁵ Ledger, 1883-1885, Teschemacher deBillier Collection.

Gene M. Gressley, archivist for the University of Wyoming at Laramie, appears for the second time in this magazine as editor of interesting letters from the frontier West. He edited the letters of Dr. H. R. Porter for the Summer, 1958, issue. Gressley, who received his B. S. degree from Manchester College in Indiana in 1952, spent two years as assistant state historian for the Colorado State Historical Society. In 1956 he received a Masters Degree from Indiana University, majoring in Western History. He is presently at work on his doctorate. The author of nine published articles and some 46 book reviews, Gressley's particular interests are American historiography, the Turner thesis, and the economic history of the American West.



proved to be the ablest business man, the management became less responsible.⁶

Finally two events, the terrifically hard winter of 1886-1887⁷ and the Johnson County "War" of 1892 finished off any hopes the stockholders may have had for increased dividends. Teschemacher and deBillier survived the calamitous winter better than most concerns, yet any loss of cattle only served to weaken their already shaky financial condition. The Johnson County "War," which was organized and financed by some members of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association for the express purpose of leaving some gaps in the rustler ranks of the Territory, put the economic death knell on many concerns by leaving them bankrupt and politically impotent to cope with their losses from thievery. DeBillier and Teschemacher both left the West after this fiasco.

Trimble, upon his return from the East in 1887, worked in several financial houses. During the Spanish-American War he served as an ensign in the Navy. When the United States Steel Corporation was formed in 1901, Trimble became the first secretary-treasurer, a position he held until his retirement in 1922. He died two years later at his home in New York City.

Seven decades after Richard Trimble left the West, his daughter, Mrs. Margaret Trimble Pease of New York City, returned to Wyoming, bringing with her a packet of her father's letters, which she presented to the University of Wyoming. The following

Fred deBillier is seen among these fashionable young members of the Cheyenne Club Riders. He is on the extreme right, front row. The Cheyenne Club was an exclusive club of wealthy cattlemen, incorporated in 1880. Photo from the Wyoming Stock Growers Association Collection, University of Wyoming.

missives have been selected from this group. These letters home reveal a young astute college graduate who, coming to the frontier, found a satisfying and enjoyable way of life, but not the fortune of which so many young men of his generation were dreaming.

Cheyenne Club⁸
August 27th, 1882.

Dear Family,

... I left last Saturday morning to go to see Teschy⁹ who was on the "roundup" cutting out his beef cattle for market. After an all day's ride in a stage we reached Hunton's¹⁰ ranch (64 miles) where I stayed all night sleeping on the floor of a new barn for fear of the boys in the house. Sunday morning I got on one of Teschy's horses that had been left there and rode thirty-five miles to Red's where they told me that the round-up was then at Fish

⁶ A study of the Teschemacher and deBillier Cattle Company from an investment standpoint was made by the author; the results of this study appeared in the summer issue of *Business History*, 1959.

⁷ The winter of 1886-1887, was preceded by an unusually arid summer. Howling blizzards accompanied by consistently below-zero temperatures, scarcity of food and intense cold all combined to produce the highest stock mortality on record in many parts of the West. Research has demonstrated that losses were probably not as great as believed by contemporary observers. However, the stock mortality was not the only factor. The cattle which did survive were so emaciated that the Wyoming Tax assessors reduced the evaluation of cattle by 30 per cent. T. A. Larson, "The Winter of 1886-1887 in Wyoming," *Annals of Wyoming*, XIV (January, 1942), 5-17. Another viewpoint is offered on this winter in R. S. Fletcher, "The Hard Winter in Montana, 1886-1887," *Agricultural History*, IV, (October, 1930), 123-130.

⁸ The Cheyenne Club, incorporated in September, 1880 was organized by a small group of wealthy young cattlemen. The articles of incorporation which read in part: "The purpose of this association shall be to establish and maintain a pleasure resort and place of amusement," left no doubt as to the motivations for the organization. The Cheyenne Club was known the world over as a sumptuous and elaborate meeting place for the cattle barons and those associated with the livestock industry of the Northern Plains.

John Clay, the canny Scottish manager of a tremendous amount of British investments wrote of the Cheyenne Club, "It was a cosmopolitan place under its roof; reticent Britisher, cautious Scot, exuberant Irishman, careful Yankee, confident Bostonian, worldly New Yorker, chivalrous Southerner and delightful Canadian all found a welcome home." John Clay, *My Life on the Range* (Chicago, 1924), 73.

Owen Wister, accompanying his friend Dick Trimble to the Cheyenne Club after a dusty transcontinental train ride wrote in his journal, "No wonder they like the club at Cheyenne. Went there with Dick Trimble and had a drink. It's the pearl of the prairies." Owen Wister, *Journal*, July 3, 1885, Western History and Archives Department, University of Wyoming, Laramie.

Besides Clay, Wister and Trimble, the roll of the Club was studded with socially prominent names of wealthy eastern and foreign scions such as: Charles and Harry Oelrichs, brothers of Herman Oelrichs, shipping magnate of New York City; Sir Horace Plunkett, Irish aristocrat and agricultural authority; Moreton Frewen, adventurer and brother-in-law of Sir Winston Churchill's mother; Clarence King, noted geologist. After the financially disastrous winter of 1886-1887, the Cheyenne Club, like so many institutions of the cattle kingdom, rapidly declined.



The good Teschemacher and deBillier cattle range on Horse Creek is pictured here in May, 1885, during spring round-up. University of Wyoming photo.

Creek about eight miles off and as my horse was "busted" (he was a miserable little Mustang foundered and tender footed) I slept there bunking with one of the cow boys and rode over to the round up in the morning. (Monday). I wandered about for some time before I found Teschemacher who was "holding" his beef at some distance from the camp. At first he didn't know me on account of my whiskers. At noon he drove his cattle down to the creek for water and then we went to camp for dinner where for the first time I saw them branding in the pens. The calves they "wrestle" and throw by main force but to brand a grown animal is quite a skillful piece of business. First one man on horseback "ropes" (throws his lariat round) the horns, another round one of the hind feet; then the horses strain away from each other, the lariats being made fast to the horns of the saddles. When the hind leg is straight out in the air the poor beast is perfectly helpless and if it doesn't fall at once in its struggles some men on foot run in to topple it over. As soon as it falls one man grabs its tail, passes it between the hind legs and over the upper flank. He then kneels on the back and

tugs with all his might. This is called "tailing" and now with the two horsemen straining away from each other in a straight line and the man with the tail pulling at right angles to them the wretched creature can't move a muscle. Then a man comes up with the branding irons and applies them till the hair is burnt off and the skin scorched. And now comes the funny part. If the beast "puts on the fight" as they say, the men whose business it is to loosen the lariats from the horns and leg have to be very nimble in scaling the sides of the corral or they are liable to get help from behind.¹¹ After dinner, a somewhat "impromptu" meal, Teschy put me on a beautiful little horse "Bay Billy" and we rode off about eight miles to his ranch. Thus far I had seen nothing but plains but as we neared the ranch we got into the foot hills under Laramie Peak¹² and the scenery became very beautiful. The ranch lies in a little valley with surroundings as pretty as anything can be. The Cottonwood Creek which they control from its source to the Laramie river runs within a few yards of them. Here I remained till Friday afternoon spending most of the time in helping cook and wash as the cook was laid up with a sore hand. We had a few games of tennis and one afternoon Billy deBillier, a brother of Fred deBillier took me for a ride in the hills. We saw one deer but didn't get him. On Wednesday Teschy went back to the round up and on Friday Billy deBillier, a fellow by the name of Wister,¹³ several cow boys and I followed. We found them on the Laramie river taking a tally of their beeves. They were all ready for the drive to the railroad. That night I shall never forget. The camp was on a little point of about ten acres ground by a bend in the river. Just across the river was the bunch of beef

⁹ Hubert E. Teschemacher was referred to as "Teschy" by his friends.

¹⁰ John Hunton is a prominent example of the varied type that was attracted to the West after the Civil War. He was born in Madison C. H. (Court House) Virginia on January 18, 1839. By the age of 18 he had enlisted in the army. When the Civil War broke out, Hunton joined the Army of Northern Virginia, staying with it through Pickett's charge at Gettysburg to the final surrender at Appomattox. In the spring of 1867, Hunton came West, whacking bulls from Nebraska City to Fort Laramie. For several years following, he clerked in the Post Sutter's store at the Fort. By 1870, Hunton undertook government contracts to supply fire wood, beef and lime to six military installations. A year later he branched out into the cattle business. When Teschemacher and deBillier first came to Wyoming they stayed at Hunton's ranch not far from where they established their own ranch headquarters. This friendship resulted in a business arrangement whereby on May 1, 1883, the Teschemacher and deBillier Cattle Company purchased \$55,000 worth of stock in John Hunton and Company. "John Hunton's Diary," May 1, 1883, *Lingle (Wyoming) Guide Review*, July 25, 1957, 11.

After the precipitous decline in the cattle prices in the last half of the eighties, Hunton (along with many of his neighbors) lost his fortune. He received an appointment as United States Commissioner of the Land Office in Wyoming in 1892, which position he held until 1907. Hunton died at Torrington, Wyoming, in 1928.

An excellent editing job of John Hunton's diary is being undertaken by L. G. Flannery of Fort Laramie, Wyoming. Two volumes, 1873-1875, and 1876-1877 have appeared with several more scheduled for publication.

¹¹ This accurate description of branding is one of the most picturesque accounts in western range literature.

¹² Laramie Peak, 100 miles north-west of Cheyenne, is an easily recognizable land mark, which travelers from the fur period on would inevitably note in their diaries.

¹³ This Dan Wister as far as can be discerned was not related to Owen Wister, author of *The Virginian*. Owen Wister, who sometimes signed himself "Dan," did not arrive in the West until the Summer of 1885. On this trip he met Trimble at the railroad station in Omaha and accompanied him to Cheyenne. *Owen Wister Journal*, July 3 and 4, 1885. Western History and Archives Department, University of Wyoming, Laramie. Fanny K. Wister, ed., *Owen Wister Out West* (Chicago, 1958), 46-47.



Two interior views of the famed Cheyenne Club are from the fine photographic collection of the University of Wyoming Archives. The library is seen, left; opposite page is the dining room. Incorporated in 1880, the Cheyenne Club was well known throughout rangeland as a sumptuous place for dining and deluxe frontier entertainment.

with two men riding slowly round them all night. Round the mess wagon were the beds of the men and within a few steps of each a saddled horse picketed in case of a stampede. At a few rods distance was the herd of about 125 horses with their night herder riding round them and down on all fell the light of an almost full moon. A few hundred yards from camp the coyotes formed a circle and from time to time burst out in their agonizing wail. Altogether, it was a night to be remembered—. Long before sunrise Teschy and I were on our way (20 miles) to Hunttons where we got something to eat and took the stage at eight o'clock. Last night I was pretty tired and a little sore but this morning am in fighting trim. Teschemacher and deBillier is now a stock Co. with \$205,000 capital.¹⁴ The first 5% after paying expenses goes to stock holders, the next 5% to the two Teschemachers and deBillier for management and all additional profits to stockholders. The stock is almost entirely owned by classmates of Teschemacher and deBillier, Jim Parker, H. Leeds, etc. This year they will clear at least 25% that is 20% for stockholders of which 10% to 15% will be paid in cash and rest in increase of herd. They have almost decided to increase the capital (their year begins Nov. 1) and

¹⁴ The Teschemacher and deBillier Cattle Company was incorporated on April 28th 1882 in Cheyenne. Authorized capitalization of the company was placed at \$250,000, of which \$211,100 was paid up. The Teschemacher family subscribed 906 shares; the deBillier family, 494 shares; Harvard classmates, H. C. Leeds and James E. Parker, 230 shares; Boston financiers, E. V. R. Thayer, J. C. and E. P. Whitney, 154 shares. The rest of the stock subscription, 327 shares, was purchased in small amounts by many Boston and New York entrepreneurs.

The objects of the company were listed as, "buying, selling, grazing and breeding of cattle and horses in the Territory of Wyoming and in other parts of the United States as the successful prosecution may require; and also to purchase, hold and sell real estate, ranches, ranges for grazing purpose, water privilege rights in the Territory of Wyoming and in other parts of the United States as the same may be necessary or conducive to the interest of the company." The duration of the company was given as 5 years. Incorporation of the Teschemacher and deBillier Cattle Company. Record of Incorporations, Secretary of State, Cheyenne, Wyoming, I (1881), 468. Teschemacher and deBillier Cattle Company Collection, Western History and Archives Department, University of Wyoming, Laramie.

¹⁵ After circularizing their stockholders on the proposed increased capitalization and receiving almost unanimous consent, the new incorporation papers were filed on November 8, 1882. The authorized capital was increased from \$250,000 to \$750,000, of which \$491,600 was paid-up. With the exception of the company's existence being optimistically changed from 5 years to 50 years, the specific articles of the incorporation remained unchanged. It was under this incorporation, however, that Richard Trimble invested in the company. Two other stockholders. Theodore Roosevelt, who invested \$10,000 and John Bigelow, sometimes referred to as the father of the New York Public Library, who also bought \$10,000 worth of stock, were among individuals added to the roll of stockholders in the company.

put the limit at \$500,000.¹⁵ If they do, and the chances are 10 to 1 in favor of it, they will gladly take whatever money I have to put in and pay me cow boys wages until I can either command more or prove myself unable to earn that. I am inclined to think that this is my chance. There is not so much money in it as if I could run a ranch myself on a larger scale in Montana say but I am unfitted for that (now at any rate) . . . The Teschemacher and deBillier ranches are beautifully situated, hunting fine, and companionship agreeable and atmosphere intellectual if the term doesn't strike you as incongruous with surroundings. Teschemacher tells me that he has gone over nearly all his college courses on the ranch and has studied more than when he was in Cambridge and as Grind knows he is mentally all alive. They have followed a very good plan I think in buying the herds about them instead of driving in new cattle. This gives them a firmer hold on the range according to the honor of cattle men and puts them on a more friendly footing with their neighbors. I am going to think this all over for a day or two but if I decide to go in I think I shall ask father to lend me fifteen thousand (\$15,000) at nine per cent (9%). Of course I could give no security but the twenty five thousand (\$25,000) stock. If any of the rest of the family want to go in of course they can but simply as investment independently of me, for fifteen thousand would be the outside limit that I would borrow on my ten thousand. Nine per cent I find is what Teschemacher pays his father for some money he borrowed of him.

Lovingly,
Dick

Cotton Wood Ranch
December 13, 1882.

Dear Mother,

The surveyor who came out with Arthur¹⁶ starts back today so I send you a line in the hope that it will reach you by the 20th. On Sunday I put my bed and traps on the mail wagon at Huntton's and followed it as far as the Laramie bridge on one of the Co.'s horses. At Uva¹⁷ (the Laramie bridge) I found a team from the Cross T ranch,¹⁸ the new one a few miles further up the Laramie river, so I got them to take my things and went with them to the ranch which we reached in time for dinner. Yesterday

¹⁶ Arthur Teschemacher, brother of Hubert, invested \$30,000 in the company, but did not take an active role in the management.

¹⁷ A hamlet 117 miles north of Cheyenne, Uva received its name from an early cattle brand. Teschemacher and deBillier established a hotel at Uva in 1887. Virginia Cole Trenholm, *Footprints on the Frontier* (Douglas, Wyoming, 1945), 227.

¹⁸ The Cross T ranch, the Irvine ranch, the Cottonwood ranch, the Deer Creek ranch and the Home ranch were all located approximately 120 to 130 miles north of Cheyenne.

(Monday) the morning was spent in killing a beef and the afternoon in driving over here in one of the winds for which this country is famous. The Cross T is right on the road and it is rather expensive to feed all the people who stop there, so the Co. is about to build a new ranch out of the way and abandon the present one. The outfit began today to cut logs for this new ranch and I have been out watching and taking a hand sometimes but a tender foot is of less use with an ax than in almost any other way. They are getting the logs out a mile or two from here and will have to haul them about twenty five miles. I shall be in Cheyenne about Xmas¹⁹ to file a claim under this desert land act for 640 acres²⁰ on this side of the Platte river. I hope Grind sent some handsome roses to Gussie's girl Miss Townsend. The engagement is "quite-out" now I believe. It has been snowing a little but is clear again.

With love to you all,
R. T.

D Y Ranch
30 Miles north of
Ft. Fetterman
Feb. 22, 1883.

Dear Mother,

... In a few days we are going to take a hunt and about the middle of March are going down to Laramie City, where Andrews²¹ has to appear as witness against a horse thief and where I expect to get two or three cow ponies from Dan²² in order to make my summer as a tender foot pass with as little torture as possible. I am sorry thee has so little confidence in my ability to judge whether it is for my advantage to stay on the ranch or in Cheyenne. There are two sides to the cattle business, the theory and the practice, one of which is learned better in Cheyenne where cattle men conjugate and the other on a ranch! I have come up here because the trip takes me right through the country I shall work in next summer and it is not a bad plan to get a knowledge of names and places...

Affectionately
Dick

Deer Creek Ranch
Sunday
Feb. 25th, 1883.

Dear Mother,

We are having glorious weather both for men and cattle and if there are no more bad storms this winter will not have been by any means disastrous, but it

¹⁹ The Desert Land Act of March 3, 1877, specified: "One, a settler might purchase one section (640 acres) of land if he would irrigate it within three years after filing. Two, he must pay 25 cents per acre at the district land office at the time of filing his application. Three, on proof of final compliance with the law and the payment of one dollar for each additional acre, which could be done any time within three years after filing, the settler would be given title to the tract. Four, only one entry could be made per person. Five, no assignments of right would be allowed. Six, the applicant must be a citizen, or have declared his intention of becoming one." A modification of the Act in 1890 reduced the area of entry from 640 acres to 320 acres. A year later the Act was again changed so that 80 acres was prescribed as necessary to be irrigated at the end of one year. Roy M. Robbins, *Our Landed Heritage* (Princeton, New Jersey, 1942), 219, 295-297.



irritates me to see articles in the Cheyenne papers trying to make out that there has been no loss or at most 1 per cent.²³ In a few days we are going on a little hunt and then it may be ten days before I can send another letter. We have with us an old hunter Jack Williams who has been in this part of the country for years and has been employed as guide in expeditions against the Indians. He is a little bit of a fellow but very strong and stands up very straight. I have been amusing myself sawing wood with a big two handed saw and find it the best exercise I ever tried...

Affectionately,
Dick

Deer Creek Ranch
March 1st, 1883.

Dear Mother,

... Today we start on a little hunt up in the hills as the supply of fresh meat is getting low and expect to be gone about ten days. We go in style with a four horse team and one or two pack ponies, Jack Williams the hunter and our men. As I think I wrote you, Andrews has to be in Laramie City the third Monday of the month but as he now thinks of going by way of Cheyenne, I am going down as far as Uva with him and may go on down if Teschy has not been up to the ranch for I want to see him before the grass begins to sprout. The new house which Father asks about by which I suppose he means the one for which the logs were cut is to be within a mile or so of the Cross T but off the road and close to the largest hay meadow the company owns. Tis simply to take the place of the Cross T which is inconveniently placed being on the road and overrun with visitors. The "Lower Cottonwood Ranch" is on a hay claim twelve miles below the Home Ranch on the same creek. A man, Barry, is kept there to perfect its claims but I think the ranch will be given up as it is a continual expense. There is not very much hay there. This country north of the Platte is even barer, more deso-

²⁰ D. H. Andrews was a local rancher and neighbor of Teschemacher and deBillier.

²¹ Dan Wister, see note 13.

²² The editor of the *Laramie Sentinel* reported the average loss on the plains for the winter of 1882-1883 had been 3 and 1/3 per cent as against 4 per cent for the preceding winter. The local editors were prone to understate the cattle loss for one obvious reason: eastern investors, who noted large losses, sent panicky letters to their managers in Wyoming. This resulted in shaking what confidence there was in the cattle industry. *Laramie Sentinel*, June 2, 1883.



This is the Teschemacher and deBillier Hotel at Uva, Wyo., established by the cattle partners in 1887. Uva is a hamlet, 117 miles north of Cheyenne. (Photo from the collection of Mrs. Howard Robinson, Archives, University of Wyo.)

late looking than any I have seen. It is one great expanse of very low, gently rolling hills with nothing growing on it larger than sage brush and where the water of the streams comes to the surface every few miles a few miserable trees, cotton woods and willows that look as if they had made a mistake and were sorry they ever grew . . . If you have any more college news, let me have it.

Affectionately,
Dick

Deer Creek Ranch
March 4th, 1883.

Dear Family,

. . . The other day I was walking up the creek in search of rabbits. I saw something in a small willow which at first I thought was a hawk's nest, but when I got nearer it turned out to be a good sized porcupine. He didn't seem at all afraid of me. I scratched his nose with a short twig. If I had known how to skin and stuff nicely I would have shot him for he had his winter coat on his bristles, of about the rich color of Grind's beard, were eight or ten inches long and covered him thickly from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. I am sorry that giving up the hunt will prevent my seeing a camp of Arapahoe Indians for I wanted to see some real, bold, bad, wild Indians in all their native nastiness. I hoped that some of their bead work and tanned skins might be worth getting. Andrews expects now to leave here on the 13th for Laramie City via Cheyenne. I expect to go with him at any rate as far as Uva where I will have a talk with Jim Shaw²² and see what kind of horses he can let me have for the summer. Of course, I don't

need top cow ponies for I can neither "rope" nor "cut out" the first year but if he can't let me have good, strong, gentle horses I shall go on down with Andrews to buy two or three ponies from Dan who told me when I was there that he was going to sell most of his horses on Laramie Plains. The fence question is progressing nicely²³—all fences on Government land not enclosing claims lawfully taken up must come down and what struck me as the most serious question for the future of the cattle business is solved in the most satisfactory way possible. This will open up no end of water front for even where men have claims on the water if they don't fence large pastures back of it they must turn their own cattle loose and leave

²² Not all cattlemen viewed the fencing problem with as much equanimity as did Richard Trimble. Beginning in 1879 and running for the next 10 years, the press of Wyoming Territory devoted many columns to the issue. When large companies such as the Swan Land and Cattle Company and the Anglo-American Cattle Company enclosed sections of government land along with fencing off the water, the whole issue forced governmental intervention.

The land commissioner's report of 1882 seems to be the first official acknowledgement of the problem. The commissioner ended his peppery argument by suggesting Congress impose heavy penalties for unlawful enclosures of the public domain.

The next move by the government, like much of the land policy of the nineteenth century, was unwise and incomprehensible. The Secretary of the Interior, after receiving numerous complaints, issued a circular, dated April 5, 1883, giving his consent to all settlers to destroy the fences on illegally held land if they hampered their activities. The support of the Government was pledged if they should encounter any difficulties in removing the fences. By this edict the U. S. Government went on record as supporting the type of lawlessness which occurred in the fence wars of the Southwest.

During the summer of 1884 the land office undertook several investigations of complaints of illegal fencing. As a direct outgrowth of its findings, Congress, on February 25, 1885, outlawed all enclosures on the public domain and outlined penalties for specific offenses. Six months later President Cleveland completed three years of investigation by ordering all fences removed on the public domain. *House Report*, No. 1325, 48th Congress, 1st Session, V. 2-4; Commissioner of General Land Office, *Annual Report*, 1882 (Washington, 1883), 13-14; Commissioner of General Land Office, *Annual Report*, 1883 (Washington, 1884), 33; Commissioner of General Land Office, *Annual Report*, 1884 (Washington, 1885), 17; Commissioner of General Land Office, *Annual Report*, 1885 (Washington, 1886), 473.

²³ Jim Shaw, who came up the Texas Trail in 1879, was foreman for the Teschemacher and deBillier Cattle Company. Shaw authored a description of his trail experiences which has become a classic. The latest edition, edited by Herbert Brayer, is entitled, *North From Texas, 1852-1883* (Branding Iron Press, Evanston, Illinois, 1952).

James C. Shaw, colorful cowman who became the 10th president of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association in 1918, was foreman for the Teschemacher and deBillier Cattle Company at the time these letters were written. Shaw, who came up the Texas Trail in 1879, wrote a classic description of his trail experiences. University of Wyoming photo.

watering places every few miles for them. When we move to the ranch, they say we will catch all the fish we want in the Platte—weather still fine but they say we will have to suffer for it in the month. I am sorry I didn't tell you to write here until the 1st for I shall not get any letters now for sometime.

Affectionately,
R. T.

Deer Creek Ranch
Sunday,
March 11th, 1883.

Dear Mother,

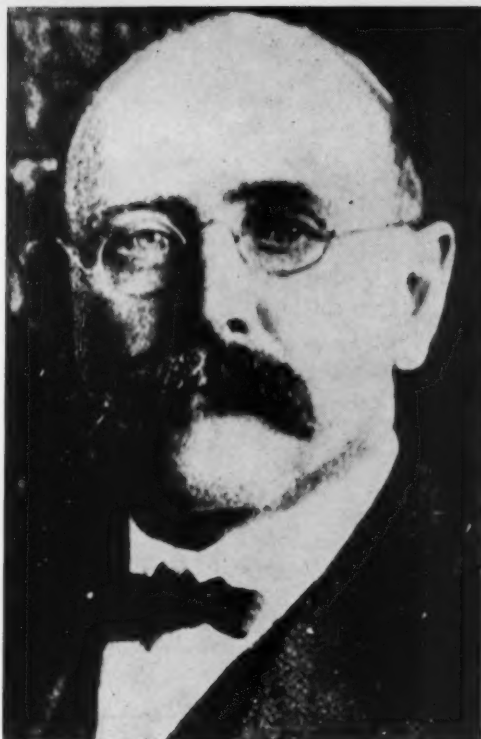
Two days of this last week Mr. Andrews and I spent in an unsuccessful attempt to see the Arapahoes. When we got to Antelope Springs²² they had gone back to the Spring and we had our trip for nothing. Bob Mills who keeps the road ranch at Antelope had a beautiful buffalo robe soft and fine as silk which he had given an Indian six dollars for. As it was Grind's²³ birthday I tried to buy it for him but Mills would not part with it saying he wanted one himself and this was the first he had seen this year. We have been working hard putting a little piazza all along the front of the house, sawing wood and repairing fences . . . The Stock Associations' meeting comes the first week in April and I think I may join in order to attend . . . If they are going to move soon to the Irvine ranch I want to be on hand there. I should like to have things as neat and nice as they are here. This is the best ranch I ever stayed at in this respect. As yet no March storm. Every few days it blows harder than is pleasant for a few hours, but most of the time lately it has been glorious weather. Charley is in fine fettle. I have been grooming him carefully and feeding him oats to fit him to carry me proudly to Uva! The green grass is sprouting up every where but as yet makes no difference in the general look of the country which is still the color of an old straw hat. I am spendily well but will be happy when I get some letters at Uva.

Affectionately,
R. T.

Cheyenne Club
Sept. 14th, 1883.

Dear Mother,

Thy²⁴ letter showing up my character in all its blackness and two very long letters from father, also the photo but, if I'm not mistaken, not the one I wanted . . . We had bad luck with our first shipment of cattle. They stampeded²⁵ in a thunder storm three days drive from the railroad and we lost 290 out of 700, the remainder going in on a very poor market . . . sold for \$3.75 per hundred.²⁶ This means that we must feed in order to get our money and I shall not



let another creature go to Chicago directly. I am going out to the ranch tomorrow to meet a surveyor and have the lines of all our claims run over so we can know just where our fences must go. The fences on government land must be taken down at last and we are more than ready to comply with the law which is now in a shape to be enforced. I hope nothing will prevent Grind from coming out for it will be a very great pleasure to me to see him and have him with me, but with Tesch in Boston and our arrangements for feeding not yet completed my hands are pretty full and instead of winding up everything by the middle of November the prospect is that I shall have to be in Iowa and Nebraska the greater part of the winter . . .

Affectionately,
Dick

²² Antelope Springs is now within the city limits of Douglas, Wyoming.

²³ Grind was a nickname for Walter Trimble, Richard Trimble's brother.

²⁴ The Trimble family were Quakers, hence the reason for the numerous, "Thees, Thous and Thys."

²⁵ Stampedes were a phase of range life which was dreaded by all those directly connected with the cow business. Men were killed; cattle were lost to the extent that hours and sometimes days were consumed in looking for strays. Less recognized was the economic loss resulting from a stampede. Cattle would often lose several pounds in the course of a stampede, resulting in a depreciable market value. James Cook has left a photographic account of a stampede: "Panic-stricken, wild with fright, away they go over bad lands, prairie-dog towns—any and everything that comes in their way. All the riders are now in the saddle, racing at top speed through the pitchy blackness of the night, guided by the sounds made by the fleeing animals, and depending to a great degree on the eyesight of their horses to keep them near the cattle, and to avoid bad gulches into which all might be piled indiscriminately." James Cook, *Fifty Years on the Old Frontier* (New Haven, 1923), 104.

²⁶ The Chicago market declined between 1882 and 1883. In the former year prices fluctuated between \$4.45 per hundred and \$5.80 per hundred. *Laramie Sentinel*, August 16, 1882; July 14, 1883.



The main street of historic Cheyenne, Wyo. Territory, is shown here as it looked away back in 1868. From the Northern Pacific Collection, University of Wyoming Archives.

Chicago, Tuesday
November 21, 1883.

Dear Mother,

I found two home letters waiting for me when I got here yesterday, thine of the 13th and Father's of the 15th . . .

We arrived at the stock yards about two hours before day light yesterday morning after a rough but successful and in some ways amusing trip. Except the two nights we lay over, one at Council Bluffs and one at Galesburg, we didn't have our clothes off at all and had no sleep except by cat naps between the time when the train stopped and we got out to punch up the cattle. We came through without losing or maiming a hoof. The worst thing we had to look out for was their getting their legs through the slats of the cars and three times we had to cut them out with an axe. At Galesburg we had a very funny time. Arthur, feeling the need of a bath and a good bed, asked for the best hotel in the town and we were directed to Brown's. We walked in and I was about to register when the clerk, after looking us over, said that he was sorry but he had no vacant rooms, a polite way of letting us know that we were "flying too high" and that we were below the lowest grade of guest they could admit. Arthur was inclined to be angry but I was only amused until we started across the way to a less high toned house and were met by the immodest laughter of several darkeys who had seen us go in and were greatly pleased at our rejection. This was too much and I went up to the one making most noise and told him if he didn't "dry up" p. d. q. I would "wipe the street" up with him. Thinking that doubtless, from my appearance, I carried at least two six shooters in my breeches' pockets and prompted also by the advice of one of his companions to "look out for that man, he'll do what he says," he

turned the disgusting look of the terrified negro and "silence reigned supreme."

The "Commercial" where we got in was without exception the nastiest hotel I ever was in but we were too tired to care and slept the sleep of the just between sheets and coverlids that would have made thee faint away. The inhabitants of Galesburg are an inquisitive people and we had some amusing inquiries about our occupation and position in life. I was asked whether I came in on the railroad and if I had been "braking" or acting as brakeman . . . The cattle sold fairly well but the market is nothing like as good as a month or two ago. We go back tomorrow instead of today as I expected as Arthur has his eye on a pair of fast horses he thinks of buying. I don't think there is any chance of my getting home by Xmas but still keep the middle and end of Jan. open . . .

Affectionately,
Dick

Cheyenne Club
Sunday
June 7th, 1885.

Dear Mother,

Thy letter is the only one I have had this week . . . Letters from Teschy indicate that he is combining business and pleasure in a satisfactory way.³⁰ I hope to get into our house in a few days. I think I had better have any white flannel trousers there may be packed away, also the Shanghai jackets. We are nearly discouraged in trying to get indictments against several men who have been detected while killing our cattle, nothing but the most overwhelming evidence is of any use. I begin to think a vigilance committee the only effective way of dealing with the question.³¹

Affectionately,
Dick



This is the way Cheyenne, Wyo., looked when young Richard Trimble arrived in 1882. The building on the right, with the porch, is the Dyer house and on the other side of it is the Whitehead house. From the Hebard Collection, University of Wyoming Archives.

Cheyenne Club
Oct. 14th, 1886.

Dear Mother,

It is so long since I have written to thee directly I scarcely know where to begin . . . We are all four of us back here again and are trying to make up our minds whether to feed any cattle this winter.²⁰ We have nearly given up as we can't figure any money in it except on a rising market and that of course is something no fellow can count on. At our annual meeting I am anxious to change a good many things. One man can run things perfectly well but he ought to be paid something for his trouble. As things are now we all four pay out more or less for the company and get no return so I want Teschy made manager with enough salary to live on and the rest of us set free to do something else—dig post holes at \$1 a day if we

can't find anything better . . . With love to Aunt Annie and the girls. A hope that thee and Grind will stay long enough to get real benefit from the trip.

Lovingly,
Dick

Elkhorn Farm
Stanton, Neb.
Sunday
May 1st, 1887.

Dear Mother,

A busy week here with a great improvement in the weather. Monday and Tuesday we worked hard getting the cattle started for Denver. We were afraid the bulls would tear about or loose too much flesh if turned loose and driven, so John²¹ got all his farm wagons, nine of them, and two bulls were tied to the end of each. As there were 29 some of the wagons had to make two trips. John and I drove six cows, one young calf and two yearlings. Monday we got them twelve miles, John and I coming back here to dine and sleep and on Tuesday we went the other six miles to Madison, saw to the cars, got everything fixed for the men in charge and then rode back the eighteen miles again to dinner. Neither of us had been riding at all for sometimes, 24 miles the first and 36 the next left us rather sore and stiff. The sale takes place on the 12th and I shall leave here for Denver, probably by way of Cheyenne, next Friday or Saturday and return about the 15th . . . Cheyenne real estate boom still continues. How will it suit you if I come home about the end of June? Then or any time later will be the same to me. The prairies are just getting green and the wild flowers are springing up everywhere.

Affectionately,
Dick

²⁰ Hubert Teschemacher was visiting in the East.

²¹ The Wyoming Stock Growers Association in the early part of the 1880's employed detectives to apprehend cattle rustlers, but all efforts were considerably hampered by the attitudes of the local citizenry. Both cattlemen and settlers were wary of testifying against their neighbors. Even if an indictment could be brought, very few juries in the Territory would convict the criminal. These conditions led Thomas B. Adams, Secretary of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association to pour out his frustrations to J. J. Cairnes, officer of the Anglo-American Cattle Company. "The files of this office are full of information in regard to cattle stealing and illegal butchering all over the Territory. In the present condition of the Association treasury, it is absolutely impossible for us to undertake any detective work, even if it were deemed advisable to do so. We have found from bitter experience that whatever evidence of cattle stealing is obtained through the Association inspectors or detectives, it is almost impossible to obtain a conviction in the courts." Thomas B. Adams to J. J. Cairnes, *Wyoming Stock Growers Association Letter Book*, 1888, 308. Wyoming Stock Growers Collection, University of Wyoming, Laramie.

The whole situation finally culminated in the Johnson County "War" of 1892, when a group of prominent Wyoming Stock Growers Association members plus hired gunmen from Texas invaded the northern Wyoming country for the announced intention of removing some of the more notorious rustlers.

²² The Teschemacher and deBillier Cattle Company fed cattle at Elkhorn farms, Stanton, Nebraska.

²³ John Borland was manager and part owner of Elkhorn Farms.



Close-up of Issiwun, the Sacred Buffalo Hat of the Northern Cheyennes.

—Margot Liberty photo

ISSIWUN: *Sacred Buffalo Hat of the Northern Cheyenne*

by Father Peter John Powell

IN ALL the Northland there was the dull despair of hunger. It seemed that Maiyun—the sacred Powers—had forgotten the People, for the animals starved, the land shriveled under the icy winds. The Suhtaio were grateful when there was dried vegetation or one of the shaggy travois dogs to fill the gnawing of the empty stomach. One evening they camped by a beautiful stream. The head men went to one side and sat in a semi circle, as the rest of the tribe moved toward the water.

One of the chiefs ordered the men to pair up and to beg food from the women they respected. Of the men who did so, one was a young man who possessed sacred power; and he stepped in front of the wife of the head chief of the

An ancient Cheyenne rite is seen by white men for the second time in history

Suhtaio. The woman answered his request, standing patiently as he finished the scanty meal. When he was done, he informed her that he had chosen her to go with him to the far north. The woman was to take dogs, a travois, and camping equipment, for they would be gone ten times the days of the sacred number four.¹

After days of travel, they saw a forest stretching before them, and rising above it a great mountain. This was Black Mountain and the older Cheyennes today describe it as the site from which the Suhtaio came.² A large rock stood before the mountain. When it was rolled away, a passage was revealed. At the end of the passage they found them-

Father Powell is priest of St. Timothy's Parish in Chicago and is chairman of the Committee on Indian Work for the Chicago Diocese. Ordained to the Anglo Catholic priesthood six years ago, Father Powell has been engrossed in a study of the Cheyenne Indians since 1941 when he made his first visits to the Montana reservations. For the past four summers, he has visited the Northern Cheyenne and has become deeply interested in the cultural anthropology of the Plains Indians as a whole.

The accompanying article on the ancient rites of the Sacred Buffalo Hat is the result of research done this past summer by Father Powell with the help of a grant-in-aid from Phelps-Stokes Fund through Arrow, Inc. of Washington, D. C. He was accompanied during the unveiling of the Hat by Mrs. Forrest Liberty of Birney, Mont., who has also been active in Indian research among the Northern Cheyenne.

Father Powell writes: "My plan is to continue this study of the Cheyenne sacred ceremonies until I have made a complete study of the role of the Sacred Arrows and the Sacred Buffalo Hat in Cheyenne life and history, both past and present. When not on the reservations, I work among the more than 7,000 Indians we now have in Chicago. In this capacity, the Bishop sees that I also have adequate time on the reservations themselves, in order that I may consult with the Tribal Councils. Once we know the wishes and needs of the Indian people themselves, then another phase of my work is to see that Church people support pro-Indian legislation on a national level."



Father Powell (center) and John Stands in Timber (right) are shown bringing the sacred offering cloths or "blankets" to Little Coyote, Keeper of the Sacred Buffalo Hat, at last summer's ceremony. The photo was taken outside the Sacred Hat lodge by Margot Liberty.

selves in the great lodge of the mountain. What they beheld there is mirrored even today in the beauty of the Sun Dance lodge and its altar. There, Maiyun instructed them for four days. Roaring Thunder also spoke to them of sacred things, his words coming from the top of the mountain peak. The older Cheyenne drawings of this scene show the blackness of the sky surrounding the mountain, and the vividness of the lightning flashes that pierced the darkness as Roaring Thunder spoke to them. Maiyun taught them that by following the sacred teachings they and their children would be abundantly

¹ There are at least three versions of the origin of the Sacred Hat. Some present-day Cheyennes speak of God visiting four villages. At the last village, He found the people in need of everything—health, strong hearts, strong minds, etc. To this last village He gave the Sacred Hat. A second version tells of two young men, dressed, painted, and speaking alike, mysteriously appearing in camp. The young men together dove into a spring of water, and there they found an elderly woman. She gave them the gifts of corn and meat. To Erect Horns (also called Standing on the Ground) she gave the Buffalo Hat. Grinnell identifies the other youth as Sweet Medicine (or Sweet Root Standing). See *Journal of American Folklore*, Vol. 20, No. 78, July-September, 1907; also *By Cheyenne Campfires*, George Bird Grinnell, Yale University Press, New Haven, 1926, page 257ff. The account given here is based upon field interviews with Northern and Southern Cheyennes, and George Dorsey's account in *The Cheyenne Indians*, Vol. 1, Field-Columbian Museum Anthropological Series, Vol. IX, No. 1, 1905, p. 46ff.

² Interviews with Firewolf, Northern Cheyenne Buffalo and Sun Dance priest.



Last summer's Sacred Hat ceremony was the first time this ancient Cheyenne rite was observed since the 1920's, when this rare picture was taken. This is the only known photo of the Sacred Hat ever made, prior to the 1959 ceremonies. From left to right: Wolf Chief (arm only), Black Bird, then Keeper of the Sacred Buffalo Hat, former Montana Congressman Scott Leavitt, and the renowned General Hugh Scott. The Sacred Buffalo Hat rests to the left of Black Bird. This vital photograph was found among General Scott's personal papers, and is now in possession of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington, D. C.

blessed. As they moved back to the Suhtaio camp, the heavenly bodies would follow them. Roaring Thunder would awaken the moon, the stars, and the rain. The animals would gather round the sacred mount and would follow them. "Take this Horned Hat to wear when you perform the ceremony I have given you, and you will control the buffalo and all other animals. Put the cap on you as you go from here and the earth will bless you." Made from the skin of a buffalo cow's head, the horns attached, Issiwun—the Sacred Hat—thus came to the Suhtaio.

The whole world seemed to become new as the medicine man and the woman came from the mountain. The buffalo followed them, as did the other animals. Grass was everywhere. Fruit was plentiful. At the end of each day the animals rested around them.³ When they reached the Suhtaio camp, the medicine man, wearing the sacred hat, informed the people that they no longer need fear hunger. He at once ordered the Medicine Lodge ceremony (or Sun Dance) to be performed, exactly as the

Powers had taught him in the mountain. When the dance was completed, the land was black with buffalo. Grass was abundant, so they had plenty. When the Suhtaio people saw the holy man with his horned hat, they named him Erect Horns.⁴

Firewolf, one of the oldest and most respected of the Northern Cheyenne priests, states that the Cheyenne and Suhtaio first met near the pipestone quarries in a land of many lakes. The Cheyenne proper (Tsistsistas) used to travel north in a season when the birds shed their feathers. During one of these trips Cheyenne and Suhtaio met, and fought. In the midst of the battle, a Cheyenne warrior named Wise Buffalo recognized the Suhtaio language as similar to his own. "After talking together, crying out from a distance, four of the Desert People (as the Cheyennes anciently called themselves) and four of the Suhtaio came out. They motioned each other to come on, and met in the middle. The Cheyenne said, 'We

³ Interviews with Rufus Wallowing, Northern Cheyenne.

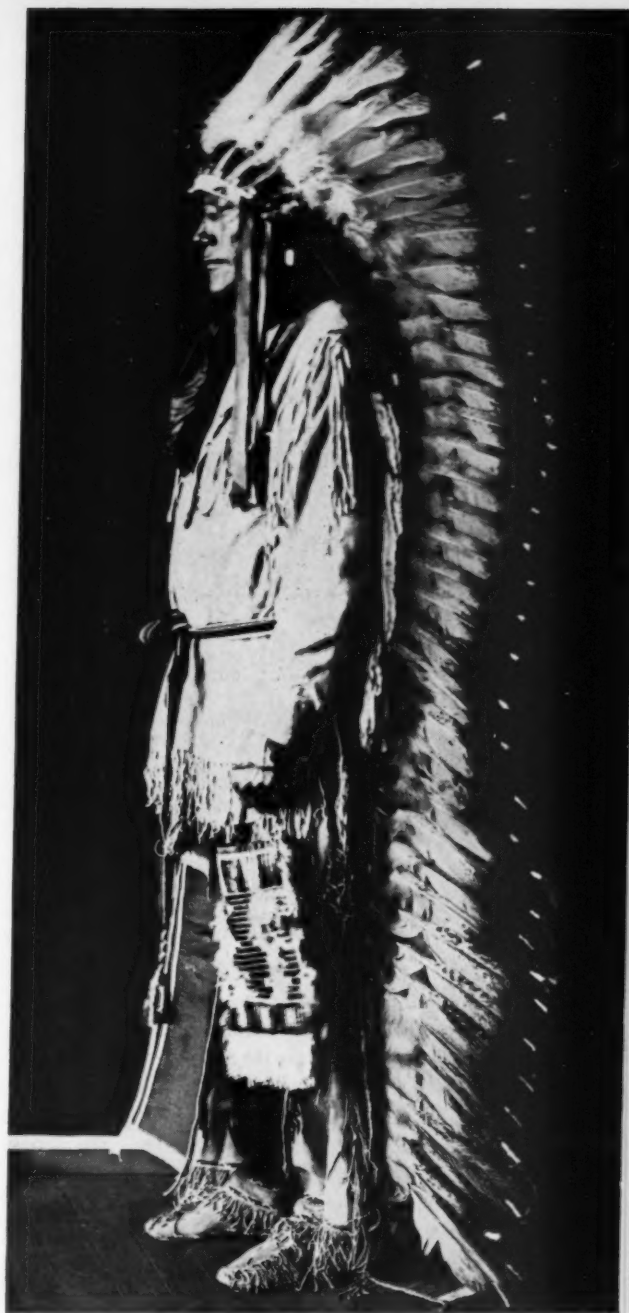
⁴ Ibid.

PORCUPINE, Northern Cheyenne sub-chief, priest and leader of the Ghost Dance, is shown in this rare Bureau of American Ethnology photo. Porcupine, venerated as a healer and holy man, was a fine warrior and one of the Cheyennes who derailed a Union Pacific train in the hectic Summer of 1867. In later years Porcupine, who was also called Hishkowits, served as a Sun Dance priest.

are Desert People.' The Suhtiao said, 'We are Suhtiao.' After that—nobody remembers how—they came together. A long time after, they roamed together, south and west. They crossed the Missouri, long before the White Man came West."⁵

With the Suhtiao came the Buffalo Hat and the Sun Dance, the gift of Erect Horns. The Cheyenne possessed Mahuts—the Sacred Arrows—as well as the Chief's Bundle. The Watchers Below the Ground (supernatural powers) had given these sacred objects to Sweet Root Standing, the Cheyenne cultural hero. In the years after, the Suhtiao would continue to retain traces of their former independence. They became a separate band in the great Cheyenne nation. As late as 1830, they still camped by themselves and still retained much of their ancient language.⁶ Indeed, George Bird Grinnell states that the Cheyennes used to say the Suhtiao were Cree Indians. As late as 1902 some Cheyennes said the Crees were their close relations. The Cree name for Cheyenne is said to mean, "They talk a little Cree"; and here, perhaps, is the clue to the earlier origins of the Suhtiao themselves.⁷

The older differences were laid aside, however, when all the Cheyenne bands gathered each Spring for the Medicine Lodge ceremonies. The Sacred Hat tipi stood at the west end of the inner camp circle, in front of the lodges of the Suhtiao band. The other Tribal sacred objects—the Arrows—hung in their tipi at the east end of the inner circle, before the lodges of the Arrow men.⁸ As



the Suhtiao and the Cheyenne proper were now one tribe, so Issiwun—the Sacred Buffalo Hat—and Mahuts—the Medicine Arrows—were the "Great Mysteries" around which the nation was united. They were the spiritual rallying points of the Cheyenne tribe. Indeed, when the great central pole of the Medicine Lodge was raised, the two forks of that pole mystically represented Erect Horns and Sweet Root Standing.⁹

⁵ Firewolf.

⁶ *Social Organization of the Cheyennes*, George Bird Grinnell, Vol. XIII, New York, 1902, p. 135.

⁷ *Ibid*; p. 141f.

⁸ *The Cheyenne Indians*, Vol. II, George Dorsey, Chicago, 1905, p. 62, plate XIX.

⁹ Dorsey, Vol. I; p. 49.



In the old days, when the construction of the tipis for these two sacred objects was to take place, a chosen warrior would walk to the pile of buffalo hides and count coup on them before the actual sewing began. The Hat and Arrow lodges were formerly painted black below and red above. It is not clear whether this was to harmonize with the colors of the shafts of the Medicine Arrows or to symbolize night and day. Today, however, the tipis of both are made of white canvas.¹⁰

The Sacred Hat lodge has always been a center of spiritual activity. Oaths were taken by the Hat, and it is believed that misfortune will befall him who breaks such an oath. The Hat tipi has long been a place of sanctuary, and enemies who might find their way there were safe from harm. During the Medicine Lodge (or Sun Dance) ceremonies, any chief who wanted to announce anything went to the Sacred Hat tipi, purified

TWO MOONS, Northern Cheyenne chief who was a participant in the Custer Battle but who relented later and became a scout for General Miles, is shown in his old age in this picture presented to the Historical Society of Montana by Fritz Haynes of Forsyth, Mont.

himself with smoke, and prayed before Issiwun.¹¹ When warriors returned from a successful war expedition, a scalp or a cloth "blanket" might be offered to the Sacred Hat. The victorious fighters would come down the hill to the sacred tipi singing, "I put the blanket on God," offering pieces of fine cloth to cover the resting place of the sacred object. Thus, in a multitude of ways, the Buffalo Hat was the spiritual focal point of Cheyenne life. After these centuries since Erect Horn's appearance, many a Northern Cheyenne still enters Issiwun's tipi, there to sit in the presence of the sacred object, to pray for the People, and to receive in turn the blessings of the Sacred Hat.

In the good times long ago, the Buffalo Hat and the Sacred Arrows rode to war together. Before the reservations were established, the two Great Mysteries were never separated. On those six occasions in recorded Cheyenne history when the Hat and Arrows went against the foe, the entire tribe marched with them.

The men rode first, with the women and children following. Before battle, certain sacred ceremonies were performed. An attack on the enemy before these ceremonies were completed neutralized the power of Issiwun and Mahuts. The eagerness of individual warriors to count coup, led to the power of the sacred objects being neutralized in three of these cases. One move was fruitless. Only two were successful.¹² Worse still, in 1830 the Sacred Arrows fell into the hands of the Pawnees—the worst spiritual misfortune ever to befall the tribe before the violation of the Sacred Hat in 1873. However, even prior to that sad affair, the Sacred Hat was to have its troubles.

¹⁰ *The Cheyenne Indians*, George Bird Grinnell; Vol. I, Yale University Press, 1923, p. 230. Also, personal observation.

¹¹ John Stands in Timber.

¹² *The Fighting Cheyennes*, George Bird Grinnell, University of Oklahoma Press, 1956, p. 72ff.

Little Wolf (standing) and Dull Knife (seated) made their fateful decision to move their people to Fort Robinson, Nebraska Territory, in 1877, about the time this picture was taken by William H. Jackson. After surrendering to General Crook at Fort Robinson, these Northern Cheyenne leaders found they were to be sent to the hated south land (Oklahoma), the sacred objects described in this article to go with them. (Bureau of American Ethnology photo.)

In 1853 the Cheyenne moved the Sacred Mysteries against the Pawnees. Upon arriving within four or five miles of the enemy camp, they paused to perform the sacred ceremonies. Issiwun rested on the ground on a bed of sage. One of the Sacred Arrows was taken from the bundle and pointed toward the enemy camp. Wooden Leg, a noted warrior, pointed the Arrow at the Pawnee lodges and sang the Arrow song, dancing and thrusting the sacred objects at the enemy. The warriors ranged behind him, dancing in time to the song and making motions with their shields and weapons toward the foe. As the fourth song was sung, all shouted the war cry. The Arrow was restored to the three other Arrows as Stone Forehead, the great Arrow Keeper, held the bundle.¹³

Meanwhile, another fighting man, Long Chin, had asked for the privilege of wearing Issiwun into battle. The Hat Keeper complied. As Long Chin tied the chin string in place, it snapped. Here was misfortune indeed! The trouble did follow, for Big Head and seven others had already slipped away in order to count the first coups—thus neutralizing the power of the Great Mysteries. In doing so, they had also warned the Pawnee camp of danger. To add to the discomfiture of the Cheyennes, a band of Potawatomes, armed with good rifles, came to the rescue of the enemy. With the power of the Hat and the Arrows broken, seventeen Cheyennes lay dead in the buffalo grass.¹⁴ It was not until 1854 that the Cheyennes would find solace in a victory that overwhelmed and killed—to a man—113 Pawnees.¹⁵ Truly, without proper respect for the Sacred Mysteries, all-out war was futile . . .



(It should be noted in passing that one of the Cheyenne scouts who found the Pawnee camp that fateful day was Tall Bull. It was his son who, 106 years later, was to preside over the opening of the Sacred Buffalo Hat.)

The gradual division of the Cheyennes into Northern and Southern tribes seems to have been hastened by the establishment of Bent's Fort, whose building was completed in 1832. The Southern bands gravitated to the Fort, and Bent strengthened his relationship by marrying the daughter of White Thunder, the Arrow Keeper at that time. The Northern bands roamed the beloved North Country—west of the Black Hills, through southeastern Montana, Nebraska and Wyoming. At Sun Dance time, nevertheless, the bands still came together to offer the sacred ceremony that had been brought them with the Sacred Hat. With the pursuit by the white soldiers, however, it be-

¹³ Ibid.: p. 92f.

¹⁴ Ibid., pp. 84-96.

¹⁵ *Calendar History of the Kiowa Indians*; James Mooney; Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology, XVII, part 1, Washington, 1896, p. 175.



This arresting picture of Wooden Leg, Northern Cheyenne warrior, was taken at Lame Deer, Mont., in 1913, when he was 55 years of age. Wooden Leg said that the Sacred Hat tipi stood in the Cheyenne camp on the Rosebud in May, 1876, a month before the Custer Battle, greatest of all Cheyenne victories. (Bureau of American Ethnology photo.)

came increasingly difficult to keep the Buffalo Hat and the Medicine Arrows together.

Wooden Leg, the Northern Cheyenne warrior, says that the Sacred Hat tipi stood in their camp on the Rosebud in May of 1876. Coal Bear, the Keeper of Issiwun, set up the Hat lodge in the midst of the camp circle. "It put good thoughts and good feelings into the hearts of all Cheyennes."¹⁶ After the battle with Crook on the Rosebud, the Buffalo Hat was hung up, and in the camp on the Little Big Horn, the Cheyennes tied a scalp to it.¹⁷ As the darkness fell on the evening of June 24th, before the greatest of all Cheyenne victories, a social dance was beginning in the camps. Again Coal Bear "brought the buffalo skin that regularly hung from the top of the sacred tipi. He tied it to the top end of a long pole before he raised it."¹⁸ This probably refers to Nimhoyah, the buffalo hide "Turner" upon which the Sacred Hat rested. Again, after the victory over Custer, the "Turner" hung on the pole and the victorious coups were counted in the presence of this sacred object which was part of the Hat bundle.¹⁹ As the Cheyenne camp moved from the Little Big

Horn, Coal Bear kept Issiwun's tipi set up at every place of camping. The days stretched into autumn and the Cheyennes were camped along the Powder River. It was there, on November 26th, 1876, that General R. S. Mackenzie attacked Dull Knife's camp.²⁰ By this time, Black Hairy Dog, the Keeper of the Sacred Arrows, had brought that other holy bundle to the Cheyenne camp, and the Great Mysteries were once more united.²¹

The Cheyenne were aware of General Mackenzie's troops. Scouts had infiltrated the Army lines and had reported the enemy's presence to the Chiefs. Black Hairy Dog, aware of his responsibility to the people, urged that the camp be moved to the foot of the near-by Big Horn mountains, nearer Crazy Horse's large Lakota camp. However, Last Bull, chief of the Kit Fox society, arbitrarily ordered his warriors to keep everyone in camp, adding, "we will stay all night and dance." It was such high-handedness that resulted in the destruction of Dull Knife's camp. The Arrow Keeper, Black Hairy Dog, first spotted the troops at dawn, raising the alarm.²² After the battle, the surviving Cheyennes fled to Crazy Horse's camp. There the Sioux received them hospitably.²³ Some days later, at Hanging Woman Creek, the tribes decided to separate. Most of the Lakotas went eastward up Hanging Woman Creek; the Cheyennes, with some of the Lakotas started up the Tongue River valley. Just as the tribes began this separation, scouts brought news that soldiers were coming. Lakota and Cheyenne again faced the enemy together. It was in this skirmish with Colonel Nelson Miles on January 1,

¹⁶ *A Warrior Who Fought Custer*, T. B. Marquis, Minneapolis, 1931, p. 187.

¹⁷ *Fighting Cheyennes*, p. 344.

¹⁸ *Warrior Who Fought Custer*, p. 215.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 274. The "Turner" is so-called because it turns sickness and misfortune from the Cheyenne camps.

²⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 281f.

²¹ *Fighting Cheyennes*, p. 396f.

²² *Ibid.*, p. 375.

²³ *Warrior Who Fought Custer*, p. 287.

Firewolf is singing the Sacred Buffalo Hat song in this rare photograph taken last July 12 at the first observance of the ancient Cheyenne ritual since the 1920's. Next to Firewolf is John Stands in Timber, noted Cheyenne historian. Father Powell's hand, right, may be seen holding the offering cloths or "blankets." Photo by Margot Liberty.



1877, that Medicine Bear carried Nimhoyah—the "Turner" that was part of the Sacred Hat bundle—against the White soldiers. The bullets failed to touch him because Nimhoyah's power turned them aside.²⁴ After this fight, the Dull Knife band traveled to a winter camp on the upper Little Big Horn. Coal Bear was still with them, having survived the Mackenzie battle. He had "kept possession of the sacred buffalo head through all our distress. We now had as good a lodge for it as we ordinarily had," says Wooden Leg.²⁵

When Miles attacked, he captured a small band of women and children.²⁶ One of these was an elderly lady named Sweet Taste Woman. One winter day she suddenly re-appeared in the Cheyenne camp, bringing John Bruguier ("Big Leggings") with her. She had warned Bruguier to seek sanctuary in the Sacred Hat tipi if the Cheyenne showed signs of hostility. This he did with great alacrity.²⁷ Sweet Taste Woman and Big Leggings told the tribesmen that they had been well treated by Miles, and that he offered the rest the same treatment. A lengthy council followed, with the opinions sharply divided. Two Moons, Ice and others surrendered to Miles at Fort Keogh, becoming the nucleus of the famed Cheyenne scouts—so effective in the Nez Perce and the Ghost dance troubles. Little Wolf and Dull Knife chose to go to Fort Robinson, Nebraska territory. Coal Bear said that the Sacred Hat and its tipi should follow them. "Their choice influenced the course of most of the Tribe."²⁸ After surrendering to Crook at Fort Robinson, the terrible news was given them: they must go to the hated south land, with its death-bringing winds. On that sad journey to

Oklahoma, Issiwun traveled on the back of Coal Bear's wife, as befitted the sacred object. When Little Wolf and Dull Knife made their heroic flight to the north, Coal Bear chose to remain with Plenty Bears, one of the minor chiefs.²⁹ Charles Sitting Man, the oldest man among the present-day Northern Cheyennes, states that Coal Bear brought Issiwun back from Oklahoma, in company with Black Wolf's band, in 1881. After a year's stay at Pine Ridge, that band journeyed to Fort Keogh and the Montana country.³⁰ There, at the forks of the Lame Deer, the sacred tipi was pitched, back home in the beloved North Country once more. Coal Bear was to guard it faithfully there.³¹

The strength and holiness that emanated from the Sacred Hat bundle must also be mirrored in the lives of the Keepers of Issiwun. The Keeper must be of the Suhtaio band, and a man of peace. Cheyenne history, be it oral or written, does not recall a Hat Keeper as noted as Stone Forehead—the great Keeper of the Sacred Arrows. True, he had forsaken the war trail for the peaceful ways of the Arrow priesthood, when they had become his responsibility. However, his name as a fighting man lived on.

Today, when older Cheyennes recall the former Keepers of Issiwun, such as Coal Bear, they mention as their chief

²⁴ John Stands in Timber.

²⁵ *Warrior Who Fought Custer*, p. 294.

²⁶ Field interviews; also, *Ibid.*, p. 293.

²⁷ John Stands in Timber.

²⁸ Marquis, p. 299.

²⁹ *Cheyenne Autumn*, Mari Sandoz, McGraw-Hill, New York, 1953, p. 25.

³⁰ Field interviews with Sitting Man.

³¹ John Stands in Timber.



Little Coyote, Keeper of the Sacred Buffalo Hat, is shown here addressing Issiwun, the Sacred Buffalo Hat, during the ceremonies held last July. The pipe and "blower" rest on the cloth in the foreground. Photo by Margot Liberty.

qualifications: "He was a man who was kind to everybody. He was very peaceful. He was qualified to keep the Sacred Hat because the law that concerns the Keepers says a man who is Keeper must be honest, peaceful and kindly to everyone."³² For the majority of the Hat Keepers, this has been the rule in actuality as well as theory. However, there were exceptions. For instance, take the celebrated case of Broken Dish.

When Half Bear, the Keeper, was dying in 1865, Issiwun was supposed to pass to his son Coal Bear. However, at that time, Coal Bear was absent. Thus, Half Bear intrusted the Hat to his friend Broken Dish. The explicit understanding was that the Sacred Hat would go to his son at his return.³³ When Coal Bear did arrive back at the camp, he took four fine horses to the tipi of Broken Dish, thus paying him for his temporary care of Issiwun. Broken Dish accepted the horses, but refused to relinquish the sacred object.

The Kit Fox soldiers were called together, for further complications had developed. Under cover of night, Broken Dish and his wife had fled to a neighboring band of Lakotas, seeking refuge among these long-time allies of the Cheyenne. Bodies painted yellow, their lower arms and legs black, two eagle feathers upright in each warrior's hair, the Kit Foxes advanced in a line on the Sioux camp. The two sacred bow-spears were borne on high by their

chosen keepers. The Foxes were joined by the Red Shields and the other warrior orders. The theft of the Sacred Hat brought peril to the entire nation! Luckily, before a pitched battle could begin, Broken Dish surrendered Issiwun. Coal Bear placed the Hat on his back, in the good sacred way, and rode off in triumph.

This was not the end, however. The Hat seemed uneasy as it rode on the back of Coal Bear's wife, or hung on its tripod in the black and red tipi. "The Cheyennes and Suhtaio had kept on suffering with much sickness. Game became scarce. So they searched the Hat bundle and found one horn missing. Then they knew! They found out why they had such a hard time and suffering."³⁴

Ho'ko, wife of Broken Dish, was the villain. Here was disaster indeed—as bad as the trouble that had followed the tribe when the Pawnees captured the Sacred Arrows! However, the deep spirituality of the Cheyennes is not lacking in practicality. The Buffalo priests prepared a substitute horn for Issiwun, and new sweet grass was placed in the bundle. Once more the Hat seemed to rest quietly.

However, what was done could not be entirely altered. The Sacred Hat had been defiled. Maiyun would not take such profanity lightly. It was predicted that ill fortune would follow both the tribe and the family of Broken Dish. Sure enough, Broken Dish soon died, and Ho'ko saw her children quickly follow their father. For years she lived as an exile among the Lakota, spending her last years among the Southern Cheyennes, far from her Northern relatives. The tribe would suffer also. This

³² Frank Waters, *Northern Cheyenne Old Man Chief*, describing Coal Bear, 1958-59.

³³ *Great Mysteries of the Cheyennes*, George Bird Grinnell, *American Anthropologist*, New Series, Vol. XII, 1910, pp. 524ff.

³⁴ Charles Sitting Man, (*The Cheyenne Way*, K. N. Llewellyn and E. A. Hoebel, University of Oklahoma Press, 1941, adds additional details.)

Little Coyote, present-day Keeper of the Sacred Buffalo Hat, is shown seated in the Sacred Hat lodge. The Sacred Hat rests on its tripod, covered with the "blankets" or offering cloths. The restored pipe and "blower" are in the foreground. Photo by Margot Liberty.

was 1873, and the great victory on the Little Big Horn still lay ahead. However, the Cheyennes would still know the horror of their slaughter at the Sappa River by Lieutenant Heneley and the buffalo hide hunters. There would be the destruction of Dull Knife's camp and the removal to Oklahoma. Unceasing sorrow would be the lot of those who saw their loved ones frozen in the snow during Little Wolf's march to the North. There would be the dull pain that never quite left the hearts of those who survived the destruction of Dull Knife's band at Fort Robinson. "Almost all the Cheyenne troubles are believed to have followed close on the loss of their medicine arrows and the desecration of the sacred hat."³⁵

There was an epilogue. Ho'ko, the source of the trouble, outlived her family. The Cheyenne believe that her special punishment was the death of her children. Even Coal Bear, the true Keeper who was blameless in the entire affair, felt the effects of her sacrilege. When he died in 1896 he was no more than 60 years old. This was in marked contrast to the earlier Keepers, who traditionally were never killed, wounded in war, or seriously ill. Tradition says they lived to a full age; some said of nearly 100 years. Coal Bear's death at such early years was said to have been brought about by the increasing lack of reverence for Issiwun since that day in 1873.³⁶

Ho'ko lived on to about 1906. When she was being prepared for burial, there—worn like a pendant—was the missing horn. It passed to Three Fingers, a Southern Cheyenne chief. He, in turn, sent word to Montana, where Wounded Eye now sat in the Sacred Hat tipi.



Wounded Eye traveled south and the horn was returned to the bundle. However, there was still doubt. Should it replace the substitute horn that was prepared long before? The Spirit Ceremony—a Cheyenne sacred seance—was performed, and the question was placed before Maiyun. Maiyun were those mysterious powers which controlled men's fortunes, bringing blessing if they were revered or misfortune if they were neglected. Maiyun spoke and declared that Ho'ko's horn was a mere husk, that it should be buried as the sacred power had long since departed from it.³⁷ (This, incidentally, was the same answer given the Cheyennes when General Hugh Scott offered to be their intermediary in recovering the two original Mahuts captured by the Pawnees in 1830. Maiyun said the Pawnee-owned Arrows were without power, that the two substitutes now in the Sacred Arrow bundle were true Mahuts.³⁸)

For Issiwun and its Keepers the reservation days were quiet days. Coal Bear died in 1896, and was buried as befitted one who had lived for the good of the people. His body was placed on a hill and was covered with stones. Above the stones, at each of the four sacred directions, a buffalo skull was placed. In older days if such a tribute were not paid the Keeper of the Sacred Hat, the buffalo would go away to the north—from whence they first

³⁵ *Great Mysteries of the Cheyennes*, p. 567.

³⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 562.

³⁷ Llewellyn and Hoebel, p. 156.

³⁸ Southern Cheyenne informants to author.



WHITE BULL, also known as ICE, was a Northern Cheyenne warrior and holy man. It was he who made Roman Nose's sacred war bonnet, which protected him as long as he did not eat food touched by an iron spoon. By accident, such a spoon touched food eaten by Roman Nose shortly before the Beecher's Island Fight of 1868. Even though his medicine power was violated, Roman Nose went into battle to die before the guns of Major Forsyth's men. White Bull was also in the Custer fight, and camped with Two Moons after the Battle of the Little Big Horn. White Bull, the first Cheyenne to enlist as a scout under General Miles, performed many wondrous deeds, and the Cheyenne believe he had the power to cure blindness. Bureau of American Ethnology photo.

came—and the range would be deserted. Even then, there was still the hope that the buffalo, the namesakes of the Sacred Hat, would again return, to once more blacken the plains of the Cheyenne country.³⁹

When Wounded Eye succeeded Coal Bear, he was already elderly. He was "an honest man who believed in the old ways" and a Crazy Dog society member as well. Another warrior had become a man of peace.⁴⁰ Before he became Keeper, he enjoyed moving about, building a new cabin in each stopping place. When Issiwun was placed under his care, he moved into the tipi—for the Sacred Hat could not be kept in a white man's shelter. True, some excitement followed him. In the summer of 1906 he left the Sacred Hat for a time. Maiyun showed him the error of that move, for a great wind arose and blew over the Hat tipi. No one knew what to do. Issiwun lay on the ground; for no one had authority to move it. At last an unidentified Cheyenne, with many prayers asking forgiveness if he was in error, picked up the Hat and hung it properly. When Wounded Eye re-

turned, the man was purified, his body rubbed with the sacred white sage while the prayers were offered. Wounded Eye told the people that a storm would follow; and it did. Within two weeks, the most severe storm in years had uprooted trees and upturned tipis, all except the tipi of Issiwun.⁴¹

Black Bird followed Wounded Eye: a good, quiet man in the old-time Cheyenne way. A generous and gracious person, the Cheyennes still talk of the joy in the summer camps when he pitched the sacred tipi among them, and the prayers and ceremonies were again observed with devotion by all.

Rock Roads, a member of the Kit Fox society, was next in succession. Some older Cheyennes today mention that he was criticized because he occasionally left the Sacred Hat tipi alone and unattended. However, he was one of the three sponsors of the great Medicine Lodge (Sun Dance) of 1911, indicating that he held fast to the sacred ceremony linked to the Buffalo Hat.

Sand Crane, "a quiet and good man," who had been a warrior at the end of the old days, followed. Head Swift, his brother, succeeded him. An intelligent man who knew his duties well, he was strict in seeing that the utmost respect was paid Issiwun. Nobody could trespass in the tipi.⁴²

At Head Swift's death in 1953, a new period of history began for Issiwun. The Keepers who had known the old buffalo days were gone, and eligible Suhtaio men were becoming harder to find. The

³⁹ *Great Mysteries*, p. 567.

⁴⁰ Frank Waters, interviews with the author.

⁴¹ *Great Mysteries*, p. 568.

⁴² Frank Waters, Rufus Wallowing, John Stands in Timber, interviews with the author.

Suhtaio have always been a small band, and this added to the difficulty. Many of the younger Suhtaio men felt themselves unworthy, or unwilling, to bear the responsibility of the sacred office. Not only must the Keeper stay close to the tipi, but the prayers must be offered morning and evening. In the Medicine Lodge and the Buffalo Ceremony the Hat Keeper played an honored role, one he must know and live. Thus, up until 1958, Josephine Headswift, daughter of the former Keeper, watched over the sacred tipi at Birney. She was, by her own reckoning, the 13th Keeper of the Sacred Hat in her family. True, as a woman she could not open the Sacred Bundle. However, her father had carefully instructed her in the woman's role in the Hat ceremonies; and she offered the prayers to Issiwun with great devotion. She knew how to wrap the sacred "blankets" on the Hat bundle; and when there were too many, she knew how to remove them. Thus, Issiwun was to receive at least some of the honor due the Great Mystery of the Northern Cheyennes.⁴³ So the years passed; but the problem of finding a male Keeper continued.

Finally, in 1958, a young Suhtai—Ernest American Horse—sent word to the military bands that he wished to be Keeper. Josephine Headswift, with her usual graciousness, allowed the Sacred Hat to pass to the younger man. Days were different now. In older times, when such a transfer was made, the Hat would have been borne on horseback to its new resting place. Now automobiles waited to carry the new Keeper and the warrior societies from Birney to Busby. However, the ancient prayers were recited, and the Keeper carried the Hat on his back—as Erect Horns had first taught the Suhtaio in the long-ago days. For over a year, the white tipi of Issiwun stood behind American Horse's cabin, near the Two Moon's monument at Busby.

However, the restless times had come again—just as they had come in Coal Bear's early years as Keeper. Last

April, American Horse left for Sheridan, Wyoming, and with him went Issiwun. Here was trouble! True, American Horse stated that he had been told never to leave the Hat alone; so he took it with him. However, there were rumors and fears that the Cheyennes were in danger of losing this holy thing which was the supreme link that bound the past, the now, and the tomorrow—making them all one.⁴⁴

The Sacred Hat was intercepted and returned to the Tribal Office. There it rested uneasily—just as it had when the horn was removed. The military bands met and the Chiefs delegated Elmer Brady and Davis Wounded Eye to carry Issiwun to its new Keeper. Davis Wounded Eye, the son of the earlier Keeper who had brought the horn back from Oklahoma, placed the Hat bundle on his back. Then, while he sat in a station wagon with it on his back, Issiwun was driven to Albert Tall Bull's home. There a tipi stood. There the Hat rested until the Chiefs and military appointed Henry Little Coyote the new Keeper.⁴⁵

The Cheyennes believe in the harmony of time. All that has been, all that is, all that will be, are one harmonious whole. Therefore, it is not strange that the new Keeper be the nephew of another great Cheyenne holy man—Sauts the Bat, or, as the White Men know him better, Roman Nose.

Thus, the Sacred Hat tipi now rests below the cabin of the 83-year-old Little Coyote. Issiwun's Keeper must be a gentle man, a gracious quiet man, a man who is faithful in his prayers. Little Coyote possesses these attributes. Weasel Woman, his wife, is equally fitted to fill the woman's role in the sacred tipi. In her younger days, she was a noted beauty among the Northern Cheyennes. Once the widow of the great Ghost Dance priest, Porcupine, she became Little Coyote's wife after

⁴³ Josie Headswift to the author.

⁴⁴ This is a story in itself. I have only outlined it here, for the sake of the more important section concerning the granting of the Hat to Little Coyote and the opening of Issiwun.

⁴⁵ Henry Tall Bull, Vice President of the Northern Cheyenne Tribal Council, interviews with the author.

Porcupine's death. She is a credit to the Cheyenne nation, whose women have long been pre-eminent for their virtue . . .

Now, on only one other occasion in the last thirty-odd years has the Sacred Hat been exposed for public veneration. During Black Bird's term as Keeper, General Hugh Scott and Congressman Scott Leavitt were interested in the contents of the sacred bundle. The military societies agreed that it could be opened. Both Scott and Leavitt made an offering to the Keeper. Wolf Chief assisted Blackbird in opening the bundle. Afterward, it is said that Blackbird gave a ceremony in which he purified himself.⁴⁶ Then the bundle was closed, the strings of the buffalo hide container pulled tight, as it rested against Nimhoyah the "Turner" on the tripod in the sacred tipi. The offering cloths were still brought by the faithful. Nimhoyah still was carried forth to hang outside the lodge on its long pole. It turned away disaster from the Cheyenne warriors of two World Wars, and it also protected them during the Korean campaign.⁴⁷ But Issiwun remained unopened . . . until July of 1959.

Even prior to the Hat's brief journey to Sheridan, there were those Cheyennes who believed the bundle should be opened. Many years had passed. Keepers had come and gone. Was Issiwun with its sacred contents still secure? Was not this the time to inspect it and to again bring its sacred power to the Tribe?

Affairs came to a head during the Sun Dance ceremonies last July. The Hat hung in its honored place above the tipi door on the Sun Dance site near Lama Deer battlefield. However, when Abraham Spotted Elk and Frank Redcherries, the Sponsors, and Albert Tallbull, the head Sun Dance priest, went to the Hat tipi to obtain the scalps which are included in the bundle, they could not be found. Here was more trouble! And the scalps should be car-

ried in the Sacred Medicine Lodge, just as Maiyun had instructed Erect Horns centuries before! The Chiefs and the military bands agreed to gather when the Sun Dance was over. If the Hat should be opened, what priest was qualified to perform such a sacred task, they asked. Surely this was a serious problem.

While the Cheyenne leaders pondered this, I was fortunate enough to obtain the sacred "blower" (used to keep the ceremonial fire burning) and the pipe which had also disappeared from the Hat bundle at an earlier date. These holy objects had found their way to Frank Cady's trading post at Lama Deer. Mr. Cady graciously allowed me to purchase them, with the understanding that they were being returned to the Sacred Hat Bundle. Mrs. Forrest Liberty, of Birney, equally assisted in the costs of so doing.

In company with John Stands in Timber, the noted Northern Cheyenne historian, we sought Firewolf, one of the most respected of the older Cheyenne priests. Instructed by Firewolf, we arranged to return the sacred objects to Issiwun's bundle. The cloth "blankets" which are offered to the Hat were procured and, with the pipe and "blower," carried to the home of Little Coyote. The Sacred Hat Keeper sat in his place to the left of the outside of the tipi door, and we approached with Firewolf and John Stands. As we neared the tipi, Firewolf broke out into the ancient song belonging to the Sacred Hat lodge. In the good days, the victorious warriors sang it as a scalp was carried to Issiwun:

"The Spirit cries out all over.
He took pity on me.
He gave me charcoal.
Therefore I rejoice.
I dance the victory dance."

The song was repeated the sacred four times. I placed the "blankets" on the ground before Little Coyote, and the pipe and "blower" were laid at his feet. The Keeper received them with thanks, saying to Mrs. Liberty and me: "I am

⁴⁶ Rufus Wallowing.

⁴⁷ John Stands in Timber and others.



This picture of the opening of the Sacred Hat bundle on July 12, was taken by Father Powell, author of this article. From left to right: Fred Last Bull, who presided at the revival of the ancient rites; John Woodenleg, chairman of the Northern Cheyenne Tribal Council and John Stands in Timber, Northern Cheyenne historian. On the ground before them is the sacred bundle. To the left of the Sacred Hat are the five scalps, and the otter skin can be seen looped behind the Hat, together with the smaller objects contained in the bundle.

the Keeper of the Sacred Hat. By right I can ask the Spirit to bless people. He himself (i.e., the Hat) received the blankets and the pipes. You two will receive a blessing from him. Also, I declare that both of you shall find better life and better things in the future." Then Little Coyote carried the pipes into the tipi, and Issiwun was covered with the cloth "blankets." Turning to the Hat, the Keeper addressed it as a living person. He asked Issiwun to bless us—who were now his relatives—giving us long lives.

However, though two of the missing objects had been restored, the Hat bundle itself had not been examined. A meeting of the military bands was called for the next day, July 12th.

Finally, after hours of discussion, it was decided that that hot Sunday afternoon would see the opening of Issiwun.

Fourteen persons were present in the sacred tipi on that occasion: Little Coyote, his son Eugene Little Coyote, Elmer Brady, Alex Spotted Elk, John Stands in Timber, Frank Lonebear (a Southerner), Charles Sitting Man, Charles Whitedirt, Francis Yellowhair, and August Spotted Elk. John Woodenleg represented the Northern Cheyenne Tribal Council, of which he is president. Fred Last Bull, whose father had been present when Issiwun's chin string snap-pet and when Mackenzie destroyed Dull Knife's camp, was the priest presiding over the opening. As such, he was the chief instructor in the ceremonies. Mrs.



FRED LAST BULL is shown here setting up the Sacred Buffalo Hat. Scalps are to the left and the buffalo hide sack which contained the Hat is to the right. The important piece of sweet root, representing Sweet Root Standing, the cultural hero who brought the Sacred Arrows to the Cheyennes, is before the Hat, on the ground. Margot Liberty photo.

Hanks, of Kirby, Montana, Mrs. Forrest Liberty and I were privileged to be the only non-Cheyennes present.

It was a paradox that the ceremony began with my reading from Grinnell's account of the Cheyenne Sacred Mysteries—written 50 years before, while Wounded Eye was still living. John Stands in Timber and John Woodenleg interpreted, so that all could be certain that they recalled and carried out the old time rules regarding the Sacred Hat.

Then the Hat Keeper and his son removed Issiwun from its tripod. It was handed to Fred Last Bull. John Woodenleg knelt by to assist. The ancient ritual of the Keeper blowing on the palms of the priest's hands followed. Little Coyote knelt in front of the bundle and smoothed the earth in circular motions. The piece of sweet root (representing Sweet Root Standing, the other ancient cultural hero) was untied from Nimhoyah, the Turner. It was touched

by Little Coyote, who then touched his tongue, blowing the medicine on Last Bull's hands the sacred four times. Then the Keeper, followed by all present, moved his hands in the ceremonial motions, covering the body with the blessings. This touching of the earth and touching the limbs and body are said, by the older men, to represent the Creator making the human body and blowing life into it from the earth. Last Bull then raised his hand to the east, calling on the name of Sweet Root Standing. He asked this blessing for all the Cheyenne people, their families, and "our relatives that are here with us" (that is, the non-Cheyennes).

The cloth blankets had been removed from the bundle, which now rested on the ground on Nimhoyah, the buffalo calf hide Turner. Slightly tugging on the string that closed the Hat container four times, Last Bull untied it. One by one the sacred contents were removed. There was braided sweet grass, the incense of the Plains tribes. Next came

the scalps. They were not gone after all! Five in number, they were graduated in size and were mounted on willow hoops, in the old time way. Next came a large buffalo hide bag containing Issiwun itself. The holy object was finally revealed! A quiet "ah-h-" went up from the watchers. As the Cheyennes have always maintained, even after all these centuries it showed no sign of deterioration. An unwrapped otter (or mink) skin followed. Next was a package of "old time" tobacco. Finally, a bundle of fluffy substance, identified as animal hair, emerged. With the exception of the Sacred Hat and the otter skin, the other objects were wrapped in cloth.

All these holy things were viewed with infinite respect, as was fitting for the Sacred Buffalo Hat of Erect Horns. Those present were called upon to witness that the sacred bundle was now intact.

Last Bull then prayed to Issiwun in Cheyenne and English, the tears streaming down his face in the old sacred manner. The families of the witnesses then reverently entered. Adults and little children alike stood in silence and awe before the sacred object that had so long been at the heart of the Cheyenne Way.

The Sacred Hat itself is formed from the skin of a buffalo cow's head, with the horns attached. The horns are shaved, so that they are about one-half the ordinary thickness of a buffalo horn. There is carving on the horns, and this has been rubbed with red paint. Across the brow, there is a broad beaded band of pony beads—the large beads the earliest traders brought to the northern Plains tribes. In color, the beads are blue and white; and the base of the browband is rawhide. The

beaded design is the "tipi design," with three inverted triangles projecting above it. Some older Cheyennes claim that this is the source of the similar design frequently seen on the headbands of the older warbonnets.

The upper hair of the Buffalo Hat is clearly exposed. At the front, along the top of the browband, the hair is red and bristly. At the rear of the Hat, it appears that another skin, probably mink, has been sewed to the buffalo skin base. The beads are clearly sewed on, not glued, as Grinnell states.⁴⁸

When all had viewed the Hat, Last Bull and John Woodenleg began to replace the contents of the bundle, repacking the objects in the same order in which they had been previously placed. When this was completed, Last Bull again prayed, giving thanks for the safe return of the pipe and the "blower." The offering cloths were replaced, and Issiwun was again hung on its tripod.

It was with a feeling of relief and joy that all moved up the hill to the feast that awaited us beneath Little Coyote's sun shade. Issiwun was safe. The Sacred Thing that had always been so much a part of the life of the people was in good hands. Maiyun was pleased. We should celebrate this good thing together; and we did.

Shortly after the opening of the Sacred Hat, John Stands and I journeyed to Oklahoma to visit the Southern Cheyennes. There, the news of Issiwun's safety was also received with joy. Some weeks later, just prior to my return to Chicago, I again visited Little Coyote to bid him and Weasel Woman goodbye. In company with John Stands in Timber we drove down to the sacred tipi. Issiwun was hanging over the door, covered with its "blankets." As sunset was near, the Keeper and his wife carried it carefully into the lodge. There the pipe was lighted and offered to the four directions, just as the Keepers had done for centuries. Again Little Coyote prayed to the Buffalo Hat,

⁴⁸ Personal observation. It should be noted that Grinnell's description in *Great Mysteries of the Cheyennes* is largely incorrect concerning the physical appearance of the Hat, with the exception of the horn and its carving. Apparently, Grinnell recorded this description from someone who had not seen the Sacred Hat, or else hesitated to describe such a sacred object to a non-Cheyenne—even one as much respected as Grinnell.



Henry Little Coyote, Keeper of the Sacred Buffalo Hat bundle, is shown sitting before Nimhoyah, "The Turner," upon which the Sacred Buffalo Hat hangs. Nimhoyah is of buffalo rawhide, trimmed with buffalo tails. Photo by Margot Liberty.

which he addressed as "My God." Interceding for the Cheyennes, he also prayed for the white priest who was now "a relative of the Cheyenne people." He continued on: "Wherever you guide him, protect him to follow the roads, so that nothing will happen to him. And I am always grateful to you, Issiwun."

John Stands and I quietly left the tipi after these prayers, and climbed the hill together. The Keeper and his wife still sat before the sacred bundle, their heads bowed in reverence.

In their devotion, they mirrored the proud, strong natural spirituality always so characteristic of the Cheyenne nation. Issiwun, the Sacred Buffalo Hat, has seen the life and culture of the Northern Cheyennes rise, fall, and begin to rise again. It is the sacred symbol of the changing, yet enduring greatness of the Cheyenne People and the Cheyenne Way.

[THE END]

MAKE CLARK PUT UP THE CASH!

To every man who has sold out or who is getting ready to sell out to W. A. Clark, greeting!

When you make your deal get the real stuff—cash in hand! Clark has already parted with thirty thousand dollars (\$30,000) in one-thousand-dollar bills which have passed into the state treasury. He suspects that more of his bribery pile is likely to go the same way, and in that he's right, if he pays cash.

So Clark has fixed up a deal, or tried to fix up one, whereby he will hand you a check with some name signed to it—any old name—John Smith's or Tom Brown's, giving therewith a bond which will be a guarantee that the check, however signed, will be paid. This will make it the easier for Clark to cover his tracks, and enable him to avoid loss, if some of the men yet to be bought turn around and pay their money over to the state treasury, as some of them have already faithfully promised they will do, after having played Clark.

The "bond" deal isn't quite perfected. There was a hitch in it, as the result of a telegram which reached Helena yesterday, which was signed by a bank president in Chicago, which was addressed to "John B. Wellcome, care Helena Hotel, Helena, Mt., and which reads:

The C—— National bank would gladly do anything for Mr. W. A. Clark, but there is no power in a national bank to give a bond. Such a thing would be absolutely worthless. Mr. L—— is sick at home to-day, but we believe he will accept Mr. Clark's private and separate bond to secure any signatures you may furnish. Will try to reach him this afternoon.

The date on this dispatch is Chicago, Jan. 23, 11:40 a. m. The marks are "561 C. H. N. E. H., 67 paid.

Now, all you men who are itching for bribe money, tell Clark you are not out for any checks, or bonds or guaranties of any sort. Call for the cash. Tell him if he says he's afraid you'll expose him, that, while, in view of what has happened, you are not surprised at his fears that you must, nevertheless, have the real stuff to you in hand paid!

Remember, this bond business provides Clark with a hold on you which cash won't give him! Don't be a chump and a bribe-taking criminal, too. If you're going to be a criminal, be it in style. Don't bungle the business by tying yourself up with bonds or anonymous checks or anything of the sort. Tell Clark, flat-footed, he must make it straight cash.

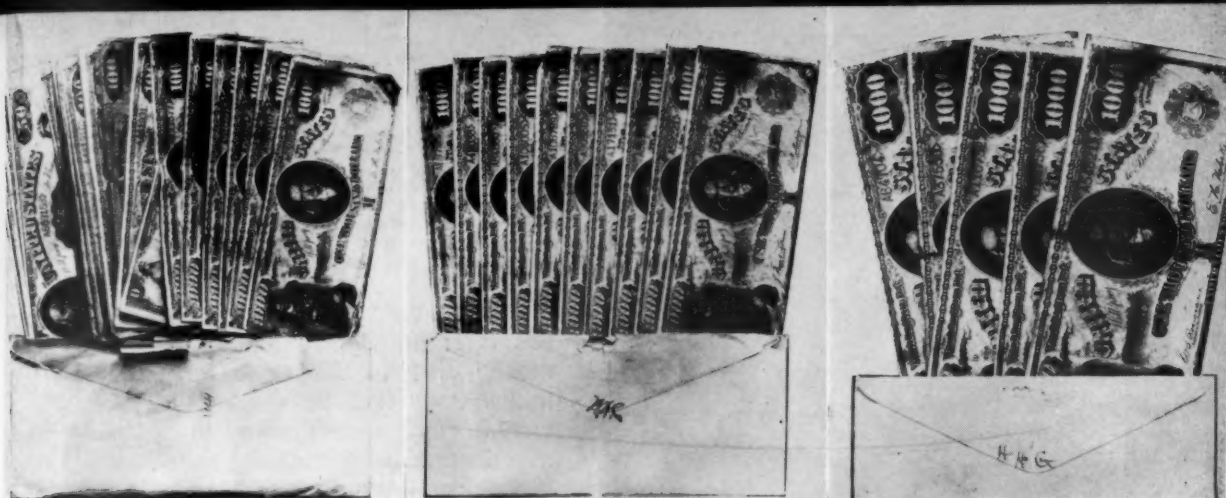
And any of you, jointly or severally, who have already gone into the bond scheme—get out of it just as quick as you can if you don't want to run an "extra hazardous" risk. Demand cash every time!

—from THE ANACONDA STANDARD, Jan. 24, 1899.

Three Hundred Grand!

Edited by
Dorothy M. Johnson

MONTANA the magazine of western history



These pictures of the sensational "bribe money" exposed by Fred Whiteside in the 1899 Legislature came to the Historical Society from Thomas Teakle, who had received them from the daughter of T. E. Collins, former Montana State Treasurer. At the left is the money in the envelope initialed "H. M.," purportedly meaning Henry L. Myers of Ravalli County. In the center is the envelope marked "W. A. C.," containing \$10,000 ostensibly intended for W. A. Clark (not related) of Madison County. The money at the right, totalling \$5,000, is initialed "H. H. G.," and allegedly was intended for Henry H. Garr of Flathead County.

From the Unpublished Journals of Fred Whiteside

In 1898 I was elected to the Montana State Senate from Flathead County. My experience with the grafters of the State Capitol Commission [see the *Autumn, 1959, issue of this magazine*] was of invaluable assistance to me in fighting the biggest boodle ring that had ever engaged in the corrupt election of a United States Senator.

When I arrived in Helena for the session that opened in January, 1899, great interest was centered in the senatorial contest. It was generally reported that William Andrews Clark of Butte was going to spend a million dollars or more to win the prize. His agents had been traveling over the state to interview the members [of the state legislature; they would elect a U. S. Senator], and money was being expended lavishly. They were giving money to members for all kinds of expenses. This was merely pin money or earnest money and was not the real compensation that members were to receive for voting for Clark.

Getting down to real business, they were offering \$10,000 or more to each member for his support. The member could select a friend in whose hands the cash was to be placed for the delivery to

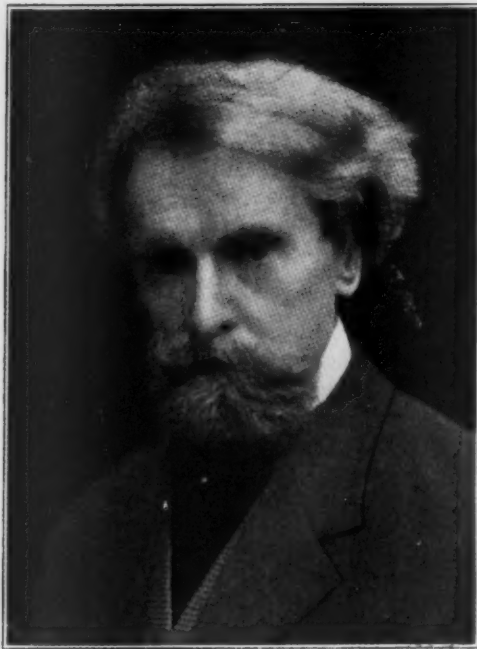
the member as soon as he voted for Clark. The bribery was so bold that I decided to make an open exposure of it, with substantial proof that could not be explained away or disputed.

I solicited the assistance of State Senator H. L. Meyers [Ravalli County] and State Senator W. A. Clark [of Madison County], who was not related to W. A. Clark of Butte, the candidate for U. S. Senate. They agreed that the situation was deplorable. Each said he would tell Clark's agent to put the money in my hands as stake holder. We all understood that the money was to be used as evidence of bribery.

I met Senator Meyers by appointment, with John B. Wellcome, who was Clark's attorney and agent. Wellcome, in the presence of Meyers, placed \$10,000 in my hands with instructions to pay it to Meyers after he voted for W. A. Clark.

State Senator Clark of Madison County also met Wellcome and me by appointment, and a like sum was placed in my hands for him on the same terms.

In each instance we met in a room in the Helena Hotel that was being used by the Clark forces as political headquarters. The bribe money was in



William Andrews Clark, whose efforts to sway Montana legislators to elect him U. S. Senator are recounted here in Fred Whiteside's journals, is shown in this historic picture from the Historical Society of Montana archives. Although unseated by the U. S. Senate following an investigation of the bribery charges, Clark later won election in 1900 and served a full term as Montana's Senator.

\$1,000 bills. In both cases it was placed in a large envelope, on which the state senator for whom it was intended signed his name. All Clark's boosters had plenty of money, but Wellcome was the chief paymaster.

[Here is the sworn statement of State Senator Clark of Madison county, as quoted in the Great Falls Tribune, Jan. 25, 1899: "I went to room 207 and found Mr. Wellcome there and Mr. A. J. Steele. Mr. Steele left and Wellcome and myself proceeded to talk over the senatorial situation. He stated to me that they wanted my vote and influence for Mr. Clark, and that they wanted it hard. I asked Mr. Wellcome what there was in it and he said \$10,000. I told him all right; that they could have my vote when they produced the money and deposited it in Mr. Whiteside's hands, to be paid to me when I had complied with the conditions which they named. These conditions were that I was to vote for W. A. Clark of Butte as long as they requested it, or until they saw there was no chance for his election to the senate.

["Wellcome said to me: 'I haven't got the currency now; we have paid out so much and have used up all the big bills we could find in the Helena banks,

but it is all right; we will turn the money over to Whiteside for you.' I told him I had no doubt that they would, but I wasn't going to do business in that way, and they would have to produce the money and let me count it to see that it was right and I would seal it up and turn it over to Whiteside in his presence, after marking the envelope so that I could identify it in case anything happened to Whiteside. Mr. Wellcome then said that the 'old man' (meaning W. A. Clark of Butte) would be on the evening train and he would bring with him a lot of currency in large bills, and that he would see me again that evening and fix it up. I then left the room and about half past 9 or 10 o'clock that night, on Jan. 4, 1899, Whiteside came to me and said that Wellcome wanted to see me. Mr. Whiteside and myself went together to room 201 in the Helena hotel, and after talking a little while Mr. Wellcome took me over into the corner, took an envelope out of his pocket, took out a bunch of bills and said there was \$10,000 there. I took the bills and counted them over and there were ten \$1,000 bills. I placed them back in the envelope and wrote my initials on the seal flap."]

About the same time Wellcome also placed in my hands \$5,000, which he said was for H. H. Garr, a member of the House from Flathead County. I had no understanding with Garr. He expected to get the money, but I turned it over to the investigating committee later with the rest of the bribe money. [See photos of bribe money with initialed envelopes, page 41.]

Wellcome also gave me \$5,000, which he said was spending money for myself. This was in bills ranging from \$50 up to \$500, and he apologized for giving me such small bills. I turned this in with the rest of the bribe money later.

Senator Fred Whiteside of Kalispell is pictured at his desk in Helena in 1913, several years after he made the sensational bribery charges described in his journals. Photo is reproduced by courtesy of his daughter, Mrs. Haze McCutcheon of Helena.

Not wishing to carry this \$30,000 around on my person or to leave it in my hotel room, I hired a safety deposit box at the Union Trust Co. Bank in Helena and put the envelopes of money in it.

On the day before balloting was to begin for U. S. Senator, my friends introduced a resolution in the House and Senate providing for the appointment of a joint committee to investigate the rumors of bribery, which was so open that everybody knew it was going on. To this committee I intended to surrender the bribe money.

Balloting for U. S. Senator was in a joint session as required by Federal law. The first business was the filing and reading of the report of the committee with the \$30,000 of bribe money. This fell like a bomb shell in the camp of the bribers. Friends of Clark among the members scattered like frightened rabbits, and in the ballot that day W. A. Clark of Butte received only seven votes out of the total of about 100 that were cast.

When the Senate adjourned, about five o'clock, I went to the bank and got the envelopes of bribe money. In my hotel room I pulled out the bottom drawer of the dresser, turned it upside down, tacked the four envelopes of money on the bottom, and then replaced the drawer.

I was in the hotel lobby when three Clark boosters came in and said that Wellcome wanted to see me at Neill's office at the Helena Independent.

I said, "All right. Wait for me a moment."

I went to my room and put a gun in each pocket of my overcoat. We walked one block to Neill's office, a small room inside the main office of his newspaper. Wellcome was alone there. The other three men stayed out in the main office but close to the door



of the private room. Wellcome motioned me to a chair and came right to the point.

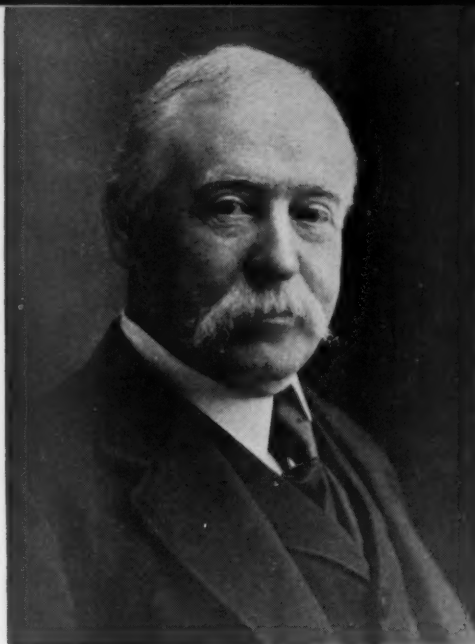
"Whiteside," he said, "we have heard that you are going to turn over the \$30,000 to the joint committee that was appointed today. Now you know we can't afford to allow this to go on, and we are willing to make any reasonable or even unreasonable deal with you to prevent it."

"Well," I said, "I'm not saying what I intend to do, but a man always has the right to change his mind. What's your proposition?"

He said, "If you will surrender the money you are holding, with the envelopes that were signed, I will give you ten for one." He laid two packages of \$1,000 bills on the table—\$300,000.

My impulse was to say, "Keep your money and I will keep my honor," but on second thought I concluded that I had better spar for time. If it came to a fight, the long odds were against me.

I said, "I would like to think it over. We can't finish the deal tonight any-



Marcus Daly, the chief antagonist of William Andrews Clark, died in late 1900 with the unhappy knowledge that his old enemy had finally been legitimately elected to the U. S. Senate. Once friends, these two copper titans later poured millions into bitter controversies over the location of the Montana capitol and the election of Montana's U. S. Senator.

F. Augustus Heinze, the flamboyant mining genius who nearly wrecked the giant Amalgamated Copper empire, joined forces with W. A. Clark and helped him win a seat in the U. S. Senate in 1900.



way, for the signed envelopes containing the money are in the vault at the Union Bank and it won't open until morning. I think I will accept your proposition, but I'm not making any promises. If you will meet me at the Union Bank at nine tomorrow morning, I think we can deal."

As I started for the door, I said, "You can hold the key to the lock box until we meet at the bank," and I handed him the key.

As I went out, I heard him say, "All right boys," to the three men outside the door.

At my hotel I got the chairman of the joint committee on the phone and made an appointment for the committee to meet me after dinner at the home of a friend of mine. We worked all night taking testimony. About midnight two of the committee went with me to my hotel room, and we got the envelopes containing the bribe money from the bottom of the drawer. This was the evidence of bribery for which Wellcome had offered me \$300,000.

The following day the bribe money was turned over to the legislature with the report of the committee. [Mr. Whiteside is being overmodest here, with that passive verb. He himself displayed the bribe money and the marked money to the legislature with considerable drama and oratory. See portions of actual news items from pro-Clark and anti-Clark newspapers at the end of this article.] The repercussions of the scandal were many and long continued.

[One of the repercussions affected Mr. Whiteside adversely, but his manuscript, strange to say, does not mention it. January 26, 1899, he was expelled from the State Senate! The grounds were that some of the ballots cast for his opponent, J. H. Geiger, in 1898 had been illegally thrown out. Clark's BUTTE MINER headlined the news of his expulsion: "A MORAL LEPER LOST HIS SEAT. Senate Chamber Will No Longer Be Polluted by Fred White-

side—Vote Was Two to One.” For other screaming headlines slanted in both directions, see news items referred to above as a supplement to this article. The same day or the next, a grand jury announced that the evidence of bribery in Clark’s behalf was insufficient—and rumor spread that this decision was achieved by bribes of \$10,000 each for the grand jurors, with \$15,000 for the foreman. The two-way slant that editors took on this aspect of the story may also be seen in the news stories reprinted at the end of this article].

The power of money was shown by the quick recovery of Clark’s forces. They dealt out money in unlimited amounts. If an editor refused to accept the money, his newspaper, plant and good will were bought out, lock, stock and barrel, and a new man was put into run the paper in the interest of Clark’s candidacy. Men were sent all over the state to make these deals, and the result was the publication of many columns eulogizing Clark and condemning those who opposed him.

I was mistaken in the belief that indisputable proof of bribery would prevent the election of Clark and stop further bribery. About the only visible effect it had was to double the price his agents were obliged to pay for votes.

When it became impossible to buy any more Democrats, the Clark men turned their attention to the Republicans. They bought the votes of 11 of them in a block. The two Republicans who arranged the deal were reported to have received \$50,000 each. My guess is that the others got about \$30,000 each. There were only two Republicans in the Legislature who could not be bought, but I never heard that they received any thanks from their constituents. [According to the House Journal of January 28, 1899, two Republicans in the Senate and two in the House refused to vote for W. A. Clark on the ballot which gave him 54 votes and the Sen-

ate seat. J. R. McKay of Miles City and Tyler Worden of Missoula, both Republicans, voted for Thomas C. Marshall. House Republicans W. A. Hedges of Fergus county and William Lindsay of Glendive also voted for Marshall. The Great Falls Tribune of Jan. 29, 1899, headlined: “LAST ACT OF THE TRAGEDY. William Andrews Clark of Butte Elected by the Republican Party to Represent Montana.” The article said, in part: “The crowning act of infamy, a fit companion to the action of the grand jury and the cold blooded manner in which Fred Whiteside was thrown out of the senate, was perpetrated today when 11 Republicans left their party and voted for W. A. Clark for senator, thereby assuring his election . . . The Clark jollification was had at the Auditorium tonight and the whole town appears to be celebrating the triumph of the king boodler. Main street was lavish with red fire and loud with shooting of fire crackers for several hours tonight and no one need to go dry for want of drink.”].

I filed a protest against the seating of Clark in the U. S. Senate and also filed disbarment proceedings in the Supreme Court of Montana against J. B. Wellcome. The Clark forces made desperate efforts save both Wellcome and Clark.

I spent the winter of 1899-1900 in Washington, D. C., in connection with the Clark case, which was being investigated by the Committee on Privileges and Elections of the Senate. I testified before the committee for three full days, about two days being consumed by cross examination by ex-Senator Faulkner, one of Clark’s attorneys. His whole effort was to show that I was a falsifier. He asked me, “Why did you lie to Wellcome?”—about a certain incident I have now forgotten. The Senate record shows my answer was, “A lie, as I understand it, is an untruth told to a person who has a right to know the truth, and I lied to Wellcome because I had a right to lie under the circumstances.”



The fruit farm of Fred Whiteside, located a mile from Kalispell. The family moved here in 1891 and this home was the legislator's particular pride. Photo from Whiteside's daughter, Mrs. Haze McCutcheon of Helena.

The committee sustained my evidence by denying the seat to Clark. [*The committee found his election null and void.*]

During the U. S. Senate investigation of the Clark case, two members of the Montana Supreme Court, Hunt and Brantley, testified that they had been offered money in the Wellcome disbarment case. At the time of the offer, members of the Court testified, a Clark agent in Helena telephoned to Charley Clark, son of W. A. Clark, in Butte, saying, "Come to Helena at once and bring a million dollars with you. We can do business with the Supreme Court."

Charley Clark [W. A.'s son] hired a special train to take him to Helena and presumably took the million dollars with him, but the report that they could do business with the Supreme Court proved to be erroneous. With all their efforts, they were unable to save Wellcome. The Supreme Court disbarred him. [*In late December, 1899.*]

With the election of W. A. Clark ruled null and void, the governor of Montana was entitled to appoint a senator. The Clark people connived to get Governor Robert Smith out of the state by induc-

ing him to go to California for a big fee in a mining case. W. A. Clark resigned his U. S. Senate seat, which the Senate would not permit him to occupy anyway—and in the absence of Governor Smith, Lt. Gov. Spriggs immediately appointed W. A. Clark to fill the vacancy created by Clark's own resignation! Governor Smith returned to Montana and rescinded the appointment.

About that time F. Augustus Heinze, an independent mining man, was engaged with Marcus Daly's Amalgamated Copper Company in a bitter legal and political battle for control of Montana. Clark joined Heinze and furnished the money for his political campaign. They reduced the working hours of their miners from ten hours to eight without reducing wages, and [*in 1900*] they carried the state election.

For the first time Clark had an open road to the U. S. Senate. He undoubtedly spent quite a lot of money to gain support in the legislature but nothing like the amount that was used in the previous election. He was also more circumspect in the use of money, and if there was any bribery it did not show on the surface.

Mrs. Fred Whiteside is shown later in life in this portrait owned by her daughter, Mrs. Haze McCutcheon of Helena. Mrs. Whiteside, the daughter of early Helena resident Henry Jurgens, married the controversial legislator in 1899, the same year he made his sensational bribery charges against William A. Clark. She died in 1955.

When Clark presented his new credentials to the U. S. Senate in 1901, he was accepted without any fight and served the term out in comparative obscurity. This proves that a man may be a colossus as a money getter without being a statesman. The power of money and the danger that lurks behind it, however, was shown in the fact that, in spite of all that had happened and in spite of the exposure, Clark was able to come back and achieve election to the U. S. Senate and actually served out the term.

After all, there is much to be said in extenuation of those who accepted his corrupt money. Almost without exception they were men of small means who had tasted the bitter waters of defeat in the struggle of life, and public opinion was inclined to condone the acceptance of such money.

As for myself, I had lived in the era of easy opportunity that engendered a contempt for money, and I never claimed any particular credit for refusing it because there was no temptation in it for me. My own self-respect was worth more to me than all the money in the world. There is a lot of satisfaction in knowing that one is beyond the reach of a man with millions.

Clark was, to some extent, also a victim of circumstances. He was surrounded by politicians who urged the use of money because they knew they would get some of it themselves. They actually got more than half of the two to three million dollars that Clark expended in gaining a seat in the U. S. Senate.



It was but a passing phase of American political development. The cause of the corrupt growth—election of U. S. Senators by the state legislature—was removed before it had done any serious damage.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE \$30,000

Before his removal from the State Senate, Fred Whiteside introduced Senate Bill 40, providing that the \$30,000 in "boodle" money which he had turned over to the State Treasurer be given to the children's home and that there be this inscription in granite over the door: "Dedicated to purity in politics." His bill was turned over to the Judiciary Committee, which reported as follows on Feb. 3, 1899: "We, your committee on Judiciary, having had under consideration Senate Bill 40 relating to the disposition of certain exhibits of money now in the hands of the State Treasurer and turned over to him by the investigating committee, report the same back with the recommendation that said bill be indefinitely postponed." So presumably the sensational "graft" money remained in the State Treasury without precise designation as to how it was to be used.

POLITICAL HIGHLIGHTS IN THE
LIFE OF WILLIAM ANDREWS CLARK

- 1884: W. A. Clark was a delegate to Montana's constitutional convention.
1888: He was nominated by the Democratic convention to run for Territorial Delegate to Congress. Lost to Thomas H. Carter, who was backed by Clark's enemy, Marcus Daly.
1889: Montana was admitted to statehood. Clark was a candidate for the U. S. Senate. A divided state legislature selected four senators instead of two. All four went to Washington, but only the two Republicans were seated by the U. S. Senate. Clark was a Democrat. (So was Marcus Daly.)
1892: Clark headed a Montana delegation to the Democratic National Convention.
1893: Clark campaigned to succeed Wilbur F. Sanders in the U. S. Senate. A hot fight in the state legislature (which elected senators in those days) ended with nobody elected to the Senate. Governor Rickards appointed Lee Mantle, a Republican.
1894: Helena, Clark's candidate city for state capital, won over Anaconda, Marcus Daly's choice. Campaign money spent totaled at least \$1,250,000 or \$25 for each registered voter in Montana.
1899: Clark campaigned again for U. S. Senator. See Fred Whiteside's "Three Hundred Grand," which precedes this page.
1900: Clark was finally elected to the U. S. Senate and served a quiet six-year term.

MR. WHITESIDE ON THE OUTSIDE

Senate Will be Deprived of His
Company During Remainder
of the Session

GEIGER IS SITTING
IN HIS ARM CHAIR

Party Lines Were Not Drawn and Nine
Democrats Voted to Do Justice to the
Candidate Who Received a Majority of
the Votes, Which Is True Democracy—
Whiteside's Mania For the Sensational
and Dramatic Stayed With Him to the
Last—Mr. Geiger Takes the Oath
of Office

(with apologies to Longfellow)

Should you ask me whence these rumors,
Whence these charges of corruption,
I should answer, I should tell you,
That the senator from Flathead
Was afflicted with the bighead;
Had in fact a case of swelled head;
That this Whiteside from the west side
Said that he was on the good side
All the rest were on the bad side,
Said that he was on the inside
Of the deal upon the west side,
Said that little Freddy Whiteside
Was now rustling on the Lord's side,
But the mighty Legislature
Said there must be more than one side
To these charges made by Whiteside;
So they turned his outside inside,

Turned this Whiteside's back side outside.
And they found that all the inside
Was as black as on the outside.
On the inside, 'cause he's outside.

Swans sing before they die; 'twere no bad
thing
Should certain people die before they sing.

The poet probably didn't have Ex-State Senator Fred Whiteside in mind when he wrote the touching sentiment, but then again he might have been gifted with prophetic vision. Poets sometimes have faculties not possessed by the every day mortal. Ex-State Senate Whiteside's effort yesterday to win more notoriety by a sensational address to the joint assembly was his last.

Senator Whiteside's last bid for notoriety was made at 12:05 o'clock yesterday afternoon. At 2:45 p. m. he was voted out of his seat in the senate and became a private citizen again. The session of the joint assembly today will be held with reasonable decorum, and will be a most reputable congregation again. Mr. Whiteside will not be there . . .

Senator Whiteside, gloomy and with eyes downcast, as usual, occupied a seat a little in the rear of his desk, which has had the most conspicuous place on the senate floor since the opening of the session. It was evident that he had no intention to take part in the proceedings. Once when his name was called on the final vote that in effect declared it to be the sense of the senate that he had no right to his seat—a seat that had been secured at the expense of the rights of Mr. Geiger and the people of Flathead county—he asked to be excused from voting . . .

As was to be expected from the man, Whiteside made his exit with a grand flourish of words. It wasn't a long speech, but it was a plaintive one. In effect he thanked his friends, "forgave his enemies," and, "with malice toward none and charity toward all," he retired from the senate . . .

—Helena Independent, Jan. 27, 1899

HIGHLIGHTS IN THE LIFE OF FRED WHITESIDE OF FLATHEAD CO.

- 1880: Moved to Miles City and engaged in lumbering and contracting.
- 1888: Moved to Great Falls where he constructed the buildings of the old silver smelter which once operated near Giant Springs.
- 1889: Constructed the famed Broadwater natatorium in Helena and the huge Hennessy block in Butte.
- 1891: Moved to Kalispell, engaging in contracting, mining and fruit-growing.
- 1895: Elected to the House of Representatives, Fifth Legislative Assembly. Exposed graft in connection with the building of Montana's capitol building. (See "The Graft That Failed," MONTANA, the Magazine of Western History, Autumn, 1959.)
- 1898: Elected to the Senate, Sixth Legislative Assembly. Made dramatic exposure of W. A. Clark's alleged bribery to win votes for the U. S. Senate.
- 1899: Unseated when it was decided that a number of votes received by his opponent had been illegally thrown out. J. H. Geiger was given the Flathead county Senate seat and he won it again in 1900.
- 1900: Whiteside spent the winter in Washington testifying before the U. S. Senate committee on elections, whose findings denied W. A. Clark his Senate seat. Clark resigned, however, before the findings were officially presented.
- 1901: Whiteside became editor and publisher of the Kalispell Bee.
- 1906: Elected to the House of Representatives, Tenth Legislative Assembly. Served one term.
- 1910: Elected to the Senate, Twelfth Legislative Assembly. Served continuously through 1917.

CLARK HAS 40 VOTES

Dirty Methods of his Opponents Won't
Stem the Tide That is
Running His Way

WHITESIDE'S DRAMATIC EXIT

Ex-Senator From Flathead Wouldn't
Let Well Enough Alone But Availed
Himself of the Last Chance He Had as
a Privileged Speaker To Utter Infamous
Libels Under the Protection of the Law
—Full Membership Present for the
First Time.

W. A. Clark, of Silver Bow county, received another vote for United States senator yesterday in addition to those who had joined his ranks before, giving him 40 votes in all . . . The crystallization of public sentiment within the past week has made it apparent that Mr. Clark was the choice of the people from among all the candidates whose chances of election were worth anything . . .

State Senator, now Ex-Senator Whiteside of Flathead county, addressed the joint assembly once more before he left it for the last time. He said that he did not propose to explain his vote, but merely to avail himself of the privilege extended to members of the senate on such occasions. He wanted to reaffirm everything he had said in the past, he said.

Mr. Whiteside then recited the substance of several editorials of recent issues of the Anaconda Standard, in which he charged that every man who had voted for Mr. Clark since the first day had been bribed to do so . . .

Whiteside launched into more invective. He said that the grand jury had been purchased, and that it wasn't the first one, either. He declared that a man who would vote for Clark for senator would sell the honor of his wife and daughters. He seemed to grow reckless as he went on, realizing that his statements upon the floor of the House were privileged.

" . . . Wouldn't it have been better for Mr. Garr, when he said that he had gone home to talk with his constituents, if he had just told us that he had gone to Kalispell for a package of money that had been left with D. R. Peeler for him."

"You know that you're a liar," shouted Mr. Garr promptly, from his seat in the rear of the room.

Whiteside's face blanched and his hand moved automatically in the direction of his hip pocket, in which he had carried a revolver ever since he came to Helena. Some one rushed toward Mr. Garr, but that member made no further move toward Whiteside. Garr is an old man. Whiteside is 37 years old and knows whom to tackle with safety . . .

There was another outburst of enthusiasm when the secretary announced the vote for Clark. Forty votes were more than had ever been cast for him during the session before . . .

—Helena Daily Independent, Jan. 27, 1899

FAREWELL TO BOODLERS

Whiteside Tells the Bought Legislature What He Thinks of Them And Is Then Unseated

(Special to The Tribune)

Helena, January 26.—Three important events in connection with the senatorial contest occurred today, each of which furnished more or less of a sensation and none of which will be forgotten.

One was the speech of Whiteside at the joint session, when he reiterated every charge he had made as to bribery, denounced the bribe giver and the bribe taker unmercifully, accused two men, both to their faces, of taking bribes and announced that he should never regret his actions in the matter.

The second was the unseating of the Flathead senator in a manner that savored so strongly of the unfairness and undemocratic methods and even lacked decent political courtesy that one shudders to think of Montana's future.

The third was the white-wash by the grand jury and the speech of Attorney General Nolan, scoring the seven men for not doing their sworn duty. Regardless of all the charges and accusations of bribery, one more member went over to the Clark side, Swindlehurst, who has been voting for Fox and Hartman alternately, making 40 votes for the millionaire [Clark].

When Whiteside's name was called at the joint session the Flathead man, addressing the presiding officer, the two houses of the legislature and a tremendous crowd that was packed and jammed into the place, said that, as the fiat had gone forth that this was to be his last day in the session, he desired to reaffirm the position he had taken in the present contest in every particular.

Four years ago, in the capital contest, he had worked and voted for Helena, in the fear that if Anaconda secured the capital, evil influences, of which so much was heard, would surround lawmakers, said he; "and behold the atmosphere of political purity that now surrounds our lawmakers. Why, the very air is rife with bribery, countenanced and upheld by citizens of this place, and a man who has the temerity to oppose it is shunned and looked upon as an enemy."

Continuing, he said, in part: "Let us clink the glasses and drink to crime! Let us declare manhood should be without honor and womanhood without virtue, that our daughters should have no innocence, but I refuse to believe that this is the sentiment of a majority of this community. I admit that it is the sentiment expressed by the subsidized press and by the silk stockinged parasites who are shouting for Clark..."

"Go over to Warm Springs and look through the grated bars of the mad house at some of the wild eyed maniacs there, if you want to see a part of your work—you who are riding in carriages with Clark badges upon your breast and Clark money in your pockets, you who have made a foul hell-hole of corruption of this city..."

The final words on the matter as stated by an independent newspaper...

"For two weeks, Mr. President, I have remained silent under the mountains of abuse that have been heaped upon me and my associates by the subsidized press of this state; but sir, while I have been silent, by no means have I been weighed down by the abuse, for we count ourselves men, and I take it as a compliment and an honor to have opposed to me every bribe giver and every bribe taker and every man and newspaper whose sympathies are with such criminals..."

"John B. Wellcome said that every man who voted for Clark is to be well paid, and I say to you that the man who votes for him without being paid—if there be one such in this body, in view of the evidence published and still uncontradicted—such a man is equally guilty with the others; and the man who sells his vote, and every man who has sold to W. A. Clark can take this remark as personal..."

"... I am not surprised that the gentlemen who have changed their votes to Clark recently should make speeches of explanation, but I would suggest that their explanations would be much more clear and to the point if they would just get up and tell us the price and sit down."

"Mr. Garr [of Flathead County] stated in his explanation that he went over to Flathead county to consult with his constituents, but he might better have told the truth and said that he went over there to get a package of Clark money that was in the possession of D. R. Peeler. Deny it, sir, if you dare."

Garr jumped to his feet in an excited manner and yelled, "You're a liar, and a perjurer," making an effort as though to rush to where Whiteside stood, in front of the speaker's desk; then he subsided to his seat and Whiteside continued:

"... For the course I have taken in this contest I have no regrets and no apologies to offer. Viewing it at this time in every respect, there is not a single word or act of mine that I would change. I have taken a stand that I believe and know to be right, so help me God, and I shall maintain it while there is breath in my body. This contest has degenerated into a fight between gold and honor, and while gold may apparently win, I will stake my life at this time upon two propositions: First that John B. Wellcome will be convicted of bribery [he was disbarred] and, second, that W. A. Clark will never occupy a seat in the United States Senate."

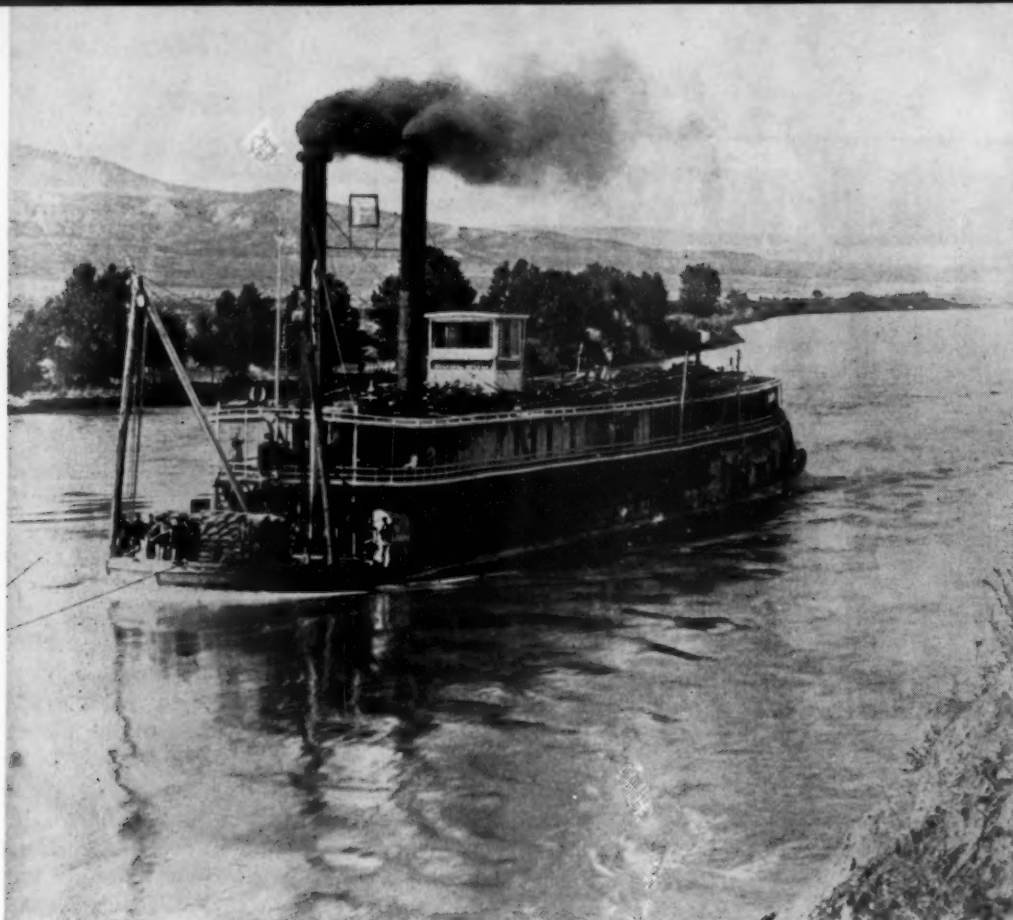
The report of the grand jury was a surprise. It was generally believed that one or two indictments had been returned. When the grand jury filed in and reported briefly that, regardless of examining 44 witnesses, no true bill had been returned in connection with the bribery scandal, the spectators and others present could hardly believe it.

Attorney General Nolan, addressing the court, gave the jury a terrible scoring for their dereliction of duty and said he could not for the life of him, see how the jury could fail to indict either one side for bribery or the other side for conspiracy, as there must be one or the other.

As he spoke he drew from a pocket the \$30,000 in bills that had been used as evidence and, throwing them down on the desk cried, "There, there is the incriminating evidence."

—Great Falls Tribune, Jan. 27, 1899

MONTANA the magazine of western history



The steamer "Rosebud," which went into Missouri River service in 1877, is shown fully loaded with passengers and freight in this D. F. Barry photo, taken in 1886 near Fort Benton. Piloted by Capt. Grant P. Marsh, she saw service throughout the heyday of river freighting. In July of 1877 this steamer had a distinguished passenger list. It included General W. T. Sherman and General Alfred H. Terry, who boarded her at Bismarck to make an inspection tour of western military posts. Their visit to General Nelson Miles' headquarters at Tongue River Barracks near Miles City was an historic event. Gen. Miles' wife, a niece of General Sherman, was reunited there with her husband, after more than a year's absence. Fort Keogh, located a mile and a half west of the Barracks, was being built that year. (Historical Society of Montana photo.)

STEAMBOATS IN THE "IDAHO" GOLD RUSH

The Adventures and Mis-Adventures of the Sternwheelers of the Sixties as They Brought Gold-Seekers, Indian Fighters and Prospective Solid Citizens to the Vast Three-State Territory Still Mistakenly Called "Idaho"

by John E. Parsons

AMONG THE rare volumes in the library of The New-York Historical Society is an imprint of 1864 entitled "Idaho: Six Months in the New Gold Diggings. The Emigrant's Guide Overland." Written by J. L. Campbell, it describes the territory as created by Act of Congress March 3, 1863, encompassing the present States of Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. Soon after original publication of the pamphlet, the Territory of Montana was separately organized,¹ but for the great gold rush of 1864 the "Idaho" label stuck.

FOR THE
GOLD MINES
OF
IDAHO

THE IDAHO STEAM PACKET CO.

Have made complete arrangements to run a regular line of
FIRST-CLASS LIGHT DRAFT
FAST SAILING STEAMBOATS,



Carrying the United States Mails
To Fort Benton

AND INTERMEDIATE PORTS ON THE
MISSOURI RIVER.

Comprising the following steamers which will be commanded by experienced Missouri river captains

FAVORITE	Capt. P. S. Davidson
HUDSON	A. Hutchinson
FRANK STEEL	J. R. Hatcher
STELLA WHIPPLE	Frank More
CHIPPEWA FALLS	C. Scenecorbox

WHICH WILL

Leave LaCrosse on the 5th of April next,
 or as soon thereafter as the ice will permit; for Fort Benton and other places on the Missouri
 River, passing through nearly

ONE THOUSAND MILES
OF THE GREAT
GOLD MINES
OF
IDAHO

The superior advantages of this overland route are
SPEED, COMFORT AND CERTAINTY
 of arriving there in thirty days from time of leaving, thus having an entire season to
 operate in the GOLD MINES before the overland expedition can get there.

AVOIDING ALL DANGER OF ATTACK BY INDIANS.

NOTE—The Steamers, **STELLA WHIPPLE** and **CHIPPEWA FALLS** will
 remain above Fort Union, (the mouth of Yellow Stone River, during the
 season, to take

FREIGHT & PASSENGERS UP THE YELLOW STONE RIVER
 as far as it is navigable; also up to the
GREAT FALLS ON THE MISSOURI RIVER ABOVE FT. BENTON.

For Freight or Passage or information in regard to the Mines, apply to—
Capt. W. F. DAVIDSON,
 President of the Idaho Steam Packet Co., at La Crosse, Wis.

Or to
JOEL HOOD,
 General Western Agent, 216 1/2 Spring Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Daily Wisconsin Steam Print.

(Reproduced by courtesy of the
 New-York Historical Society)

With publication of the guidebook came announcement of "The Idaho Steam Packet Company," newly organized to bring gold seekers to the mines.² Among its promoters were two Upper Mississippi steamboatmen, William F. and Peyton S. Davidson, whose "White Collar Line" of light draft packets plied between La Crosse, Wisconsin, and St. Paul, making connections with the La Crosse & Milwaukee Railroad. Their boats were marked by a white band around the smokestacks.³ The Davidsons took over a venture initiated by a few bold spirits in Milwaukee who sought to navigate the Yellowstone River to the diggings.

The newly formed "Idaho" packet company circulated an optimistic prospectus as far east as New York City, announcing the dispatch to the Upper Missouri of five river steamboats. They were scheduled to leave La Crosse April 5th "or as soon thereafter as the ice will permit" and to reach Fort Benton "probably within thirty days."

"Passengers going to the Idaho Gold Mines by this Line, will insure themselves a speedy and safe passage. In the event of one of the Steamers becoming disabled, there will be sufficient accommodations reserved to take her passengers on the other Steamers. Price of Cabin Passage (Meals and Berths included), is \$150. Eighty pounds baggage, and his firearms, are allowed each passenger free of charge.

Fort Benton is situated at the head of steamboat navigation of the longest river in the world, and in the geographical centre of the Territory of Idaho. Persons just returning from the Gold Fields say that Benton will be a large city, and contain many thousands of inhabitants before the close of the present year."

Other inducements held out to passengers were the certainty of speedy arrival, in advance of any overland expedition, a full season to operate in the

John E. Parsons, author of four books on 19th Century firearms, is a trustee of the New York Historical Society and a member of the New York Posse of the Westerners. He edited the Fort Fetterman adventures of Colonel George A. Woodward which appeared in the Spring 1959 issue of this magazine. Mr. Parsons has also edited for a recent issue of "The Westerners New York Posse Brand Book" General Martin D. Hardin's account of his journal in 1860 "Up the Missouri and Over the Mullan Road."

mines, and safety from attack by Indians. General John Pope, commanding the Department of the Northwest, had issued a warning of hostile concentrations by the Sioux, against whom General Alfred Sully would lead a force of cavalry as far as the Yellowstone River. The new company faced competition not only from overland routes but from the established run of steamboats from St. Louis whose departures for Fort Benton had already been announced.⁴

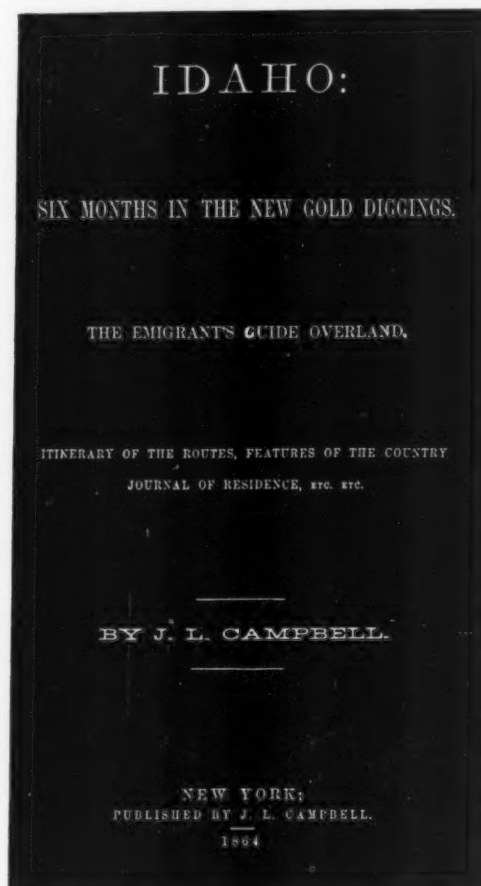
In the outcome, the "Idaho" fleet from the Upper Mississippi was much reduced in size. Two small sternwheelers left La Crosse April 18th, the flagship *Chippewa Falls*, Captain Abe Hutchinson, and *Cutter*, commanded by Captain Frank Moore. The first was a 93 ton passenger packet built at Monongahela City, Pennsylvania, in 1857. She was one hundred and twenty feet long, twenty-four feet in the beam, with a hold three and a half feet deep. As her name suggests, she had operated on the Chippewa River in Wisconsin, connecting Eau Claire and Chippewa Falls with Reed's Landing on the Mississippi. The second vessel was a 92 tonner built at Anoka, Minnesota, in 1863 and brought on rollers around the Falls of St. Anthony. She had accommodations for 150 cabin and 50 deck passengers, besides 75 tons of freight.⁵ The *Chippewa Falls* sailed with 130 passengers, the *Cutter* taking 157. "A large amount of plunder" was also loaded, at ten cents a pound for "heavy" freight and fifteen for "light." The La Crosse paper⁶ reported that "the passengers generally were a hardy muscular set of men, well armed and good natured as boys at a winkum party."

La Crosse, the northernmost port on the Mississippi River with a rail connection to Milwaukee and Chicago, af-

forded a strategic point for early departure in the spring. The six hundred mile trip down the Mississippi and then up the Missouri for twenty-three hundred miles more took far longer than anticipated. On May 19th at Fort Randall, Dakota Territory, when the boats were a thousand miles from St. Louis, General Sully commandeered the *Chippewa Falls* to carry his supplies, transferring her passengers and freight to the *Cutter*.⁷ The latter, much overloaded, finally reached Fort Benton July 14th, the last steamboat arrival in 1864. There her engineers and crew deserted for the gold mines, leaving the boat tied up to the bank where she remained all winter.⁸

⁴ *Ibid.* June 6, 1864.

⁵ *St. Paul Pioneer*, November 15, 1864.



(Reproduced by courtesy of the
New-York Historical Society)

¹ May 22, 1864.

² *La Crosse Daily Democrat*, March 3, 28, 1864; *Chicago Times*, April 5, 1864.

³ Harry J. Hirshheimer, *History of LaCrosse, Wisconsin, 1841-1900* (La Crosse, 1951), p. 139.

⁴ *Missouri Democrat*, St. Louis, February 4, 1864; *Missouri Republican*, St. Louis, February 6, 1864.

⁵ For steamboat specifications and dates, see William M. Lytle, *Merchant Steam Vessels of the United States, 1807-1868* (Mystic, Conn. 1952).

⁶ *La Crosse Daily Democrat*, April 19, 1864.



The voyage upstream had been slow and, except for the seizure at Fort Randall and frequent boiler repairs, uneventful. Before its termination at least one large wagon train from Fort Laramie had reached Virginia City, the new metropolis of the gold gulches. This party was guided by Jim Bridger on a cut-off west of the Big Horn Mountains, to Pryor's and Clark's Forks of the Yellowstone.⁹ It arrived about July 10th, after a month's travel, and was followed by other trains coming over the trail via the Powder River which John M. Bozeman had opened the year before. Bridger's route avoided Indians, as did the longer journey by way of South Pass, Lander's cut-off and the Snake River to Bannack. But on the Bozeman Road through the hunting grounds of the Sioux there were hostilities during the summer.¹⁰

Meanwhile the *Chippewa Falls* followed General Sully's cavalry command up the Missouri, in company with another sternwheeler called the *Alone*. Discharging cargo at Fort Union, so as to draw only thirteen inches of water, the *Falls* became the first steamboat to test the depth of the Yellow-

General Alfred Sully, under orders in 1864 to cut off the escape of the hostile Sioux following the Minnesota massacres, commandeered the steamer "Chippewa Falls" to carry his supplies. This steamer was the first to test the depth of the Yellowstone and pronounce it navigable. Much to the discomfiture of civilians anxious to get to the gold fields of Montana, steamers played a vital role in getting military troops and supplies into the Territory to bring an end to Indian resistance. (Historical Society of Montana photo.)

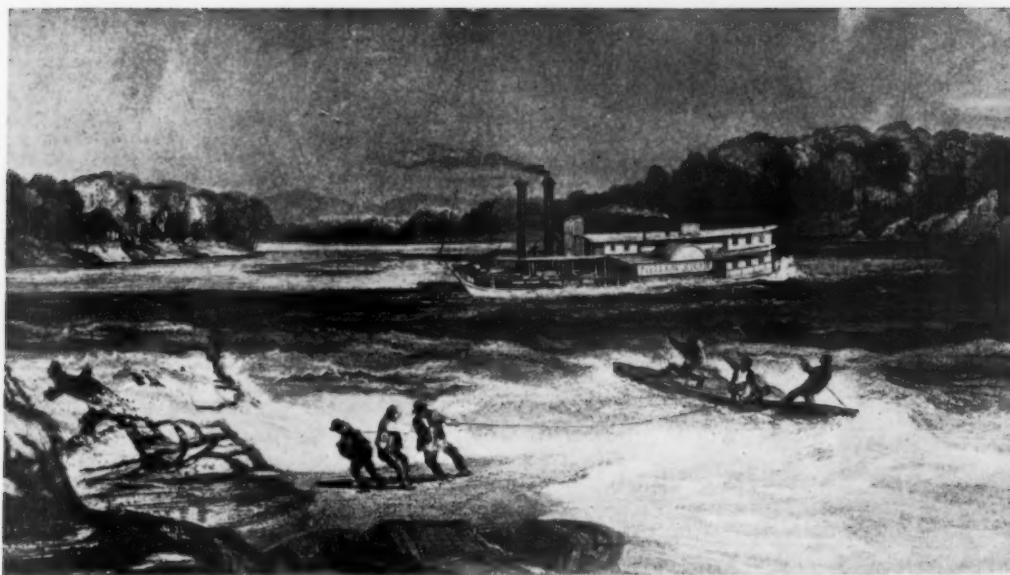
stone. From its mouth she went upstream forty or fifty miles, found a channel four feet deep, and returning to Fort Union pronounced the river navigable. Then with about fifty tons of cargo reloaded and drawing thirty inches, the *Falls* reentered the Yellowstone accompanied by the *Alone*. Ninety miles upstream a rendezvous was made with General Sully's force at an old trading post called Braseau's Houses.¹¹ This point remained the head of Yellowstone steam navigation, if any, for nine years, until Captain Grant Marsh in the *Key West* reached Wolf Rapids below the mouth of Powder River in May, 1873.

In the first year of the "Idaho" rush steamboats carried only eight hundred tons of freight to Fort Benton. Apart from the *Cutter*, the *Benton* was the only vessel actually to reach the levee in front of the fort, arriving during high water on June 10th. She was a new sternwheeler of 246 registered tons, built at McKeesport, Pennsylvania. The sidewheeler *Yellowstone*, 378 tons, discharged her cargo one hundred and seventy-five miles downstream at Cow Island June 21st. After two unhappy weeks ashore, her passengers were picked up by the *Effie Deans* and brought to the mouth of the Marias, twelve miles by land below the fort, July 8th. Two more sidewheelers, the *Fanny Ogden*, 417 tons, and the *Welcome*, 449 tons, came up the Missouri only as far as the mouth of the Milk River. Thence their cargoes and passengers were carried onward in relays by the *Benton*, one to Fort Benton June 27th and the other to the mouth of the Marias July 9th.¹²

⁹ J. Cecil Alter, *James Bridger* (Columbus, 1951), p. 405. W. W. de Lacy's map of 1865 showing the route is reproduced in *Montana Magazine of History*, Vol. 1, No. 2 (April, 1951).

¹⁰ Diary of Benjamin Williams Ryan, "The Bozeman Trail to Virginia City, Montana, in 1864," *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 19, p. 77 (July, 1947).

¹¹ *St. Paul Pioneer*, Nov. 15, 1864; Gen. Sully's report in *Official Records of the War of the Rebellion*, Series 1, Vol. 41, Pt. 1, p. 147.



No photographs, of course, are available of historic early Missouri River steamboats. Karl Bodmer made this drawing of the "Yellowstone" under full steam near Fort Union in 1833. (Historical Society of Montana collection.)

All these boats had departed in the spring from St. Louis, though not as early as first advertised. The *Benton*, Captain Thomas W. Rea, and the *Welcome*, Captain Tom Townsend, left March 26th and April 16th, respectively. They belonged to the St. Louis and Fort Benton Transportation Line, whose initial announcement proclaimed:¹³ "Persons going by this line are certain to get to the Mines with their goods early and without delay, as the very fast and light draught stern wheel steamer *Benton*, built expressly for low water, will remain above Fort Union (the mouth of the Yellowstone) during the season and take the freight of the *Welcome* and *Florence* should it be necessary on account of low water."

On the departure of the *Benton*, the press¹⁴ noted that "on board there is quite a respectable company of Idaho emigrants, and a fine trip of goods for the Upper Missouri region. By the time the *Benton* leaves Omaha she will be full of passengers." In her cargo there were fifty tons of freight for General Sully, including seventeen barrels of whiskey. Charles Larpenteur came aboard as commissary to see that the

supplies arrived at Fort Union intact. Low water retarded the *Benton* until lightened of this cargo. Then she reached the head of navigation in ten days.

A report from the *Welcome*¹⁵ states that she left St. Louis April 16th with annuity goods for the Crow Indians, arrived St. Joe April 22nd, Fort Randall May 30th, Fort Sully June 3rd, Fort Berthold June 12th and Fort Union June 17th, where she met the steamer *Fanny Ogden* returning from the Milk River. This boat, under command of Lawrence Ohlman, ex-skipper of the *Florence*, made the fastest trip upriver, not departing St. Louis until May 7th.¹⁶ She carried up to Fort Union the annuities for the Assiniboinés, in charge of Major Wilkinson. The *Welcome* arrived at Fort Gilpin fifteen miles above the Milk River on the evening of June 20th and "discharged passengers, 70 in number, and freight, 200 tons, on the Steamer *Benton*."

¹³ "Steamboat Arrivals at Fort Benton and Vicinity," Mont. Hist. Soc. Contributions, Vol. I (1876), pp. 317, 318; Elliot Coues (ed.), *Forty Years a Fur Trader on the Upper Missouri; The Personal Narrative of Charles Larpenteur, 1833-1872*, (New York, 1898), Vol. II, Appendix, p. 431.

¹⁴ *Missouri Republican*, February 6, 1864.

¹⁵ *Missouri Democrat*, March 27, 1864.

¹⁶ *Missouri Republican*, July 8, 1864.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, May 8, 1864.



The *Yellowstone*, Captain William Massie, belonged to P. Chouteau Jr. & Co., successors to the American Fur Company. She sailed with Charles P. Chouteau himself aboard, carrying up annuity goods for the Blackfoot and Gros Ventres. There were 80 cabin passengers, including seven females. Among the voyagers were special Indian agent Henry H. Reed and the editors John Buchanan and Marion M. Manner who brought along a press to start the first full-fledged newspaper in Montana.¹⁷ They had planned for passage in the "La Crosse line" but took the *Yellowstone* instead when her captain promised to deliver his passengers and freight at Fort Benton "inside fifty days." Also on board were 50 soldiers of Company L, 30th Wisconsin Infantry, Captain Napoleon B. Greer commanding, bound for Fort Union.

Leaving St. Louis on April 16th the boat reached St. Joe April 22nd and Nebraska City two days later, where 28 soldiers with smallpox were landed. At Omaha April 28th Father Pierre Jean De Smet, S. J., took passage on a peace mission to the Sioux at the behest of the Secretary of the Interior.¹⁸ He found among his shipmates "all the

Descendant of the man who built the first log cabin in St. Louis, Charles P. Chouteau was aboard the "*Yellowstone*" in 1864 when it carried annuities to the Blackfeet and Gros Ventres. Son of Pierre Chouteau, Jr., a leader in Montana's early fur trading era, who established P. Chouteau, Jr. & Co., successors to the great American Fur Co., Charles made a return visit to Montana in 1891 when he was a "rugged, well preserved man of some 70 years." This visit, during which he was a guest at the newly opened Broadwater Hotel in Helena, was recounted in the "*Helena Independent*" of May 20, 1891. He recalled: "I feel like a Rip Van Winkle. This was all a backwoods country when I left it [in 1865], and I can scarcely believe it is the same. Some time in the Sixties I conducted a lot of soldiers up to Fort Benton and then brought them across the country." (Historical Society of Montana photo.)

various shades of Protestant sects, deists, atheists and believers in 'elective affinities,' who have broken all marriage and family ties . . . From the 28th of April until this 17th of May, the boat has barely made 340 miles. It is constantly running aground on heaps of sand, which practically bar the river. We are obliged to unload part of the cargo, to lighten the boat and permit it to cross, and this occasions great delays . . . On the 11th of May, we found ourselves completely arrested by a sand bar a mile above Yankton, capitol of the Territory of Dakota. This new town is still in its infancy. Its population consists of thirty or forty families. The Capitol, the Governor's residence and all the houses are made of logs and frame . . . Just now we are fairly stuck. The water continues low and the difficulty of loading and unloading has been so great that the captain has resolved to have a large boat, of the kind called mackinaw, built, which will carry seventy-five tons of freight, to lighten the steamboat."

Meanwhile the *Chippewa Falls* and *Cutter* overtook and passed upstream. This was perhaps fortunate for the *Yellowstone*, since she reached Fort Randall May 26th after the seizure of the *Falls*. Large game was first seen above old Fort Pierre, Father De Smet noting that "between the 4th and 7th of June, without stepping off the boat, our hunters killed ten buffalo in the water and on the bank, besides six antelope, a deer, a hare and two wolves. They took three calves alive, that had

¹⁷ Their report is in the first issue of the *Montana Post*, Virginia City, Aug. 27, 1864. Editors Buchanan and Manner devoted all the front page and a column and a half of the back page to their adventures on this trip. Entitled "Trip to the Gold Fields of Idaho," their day by day narration contains biting criticism of the steamer service of the Davidsons, and of Capt. Massie of the *Yellowstone*. This yellowed paper is on file at the Historical Society of Montana.

¹⁸ Hiram M. Chittenden & Alfred T. Richardson, *Life, Letters and Travels of Father Pierre-Jean De Smet, S. J., 1801-1873* (New York, 1905). Vol. III, p. 819.

Father Pierre Jean DeSmet, S. J., as photographed by Gustavus Schon in 1863, the year before he took passage on the steamer "Yellowstone." An appraisal of this courageous priest is given in the first issue of the "Montana Post" of Virginia City, M. T., Aug. 27, 1864. Editors Buchanan and Manner, who brought their printing equipment upriver with them, wrote: "Father Desmidt [sic] an eminent Catholic Prelate and Missionary, has spent the last 20 years among the savage tribes of the Rocky and Nevada mountains, establishing missions, and has done much in christenizing and civilizing the Indians . . . He came up on the 'Yellowstone' at the request of the Government to use his influence with the hostile Sioux, without a cent for his time or services—goes alone with none but his interpreters, among the most savage bands, and we predict will do more good than Gen. Sulley [sic] and his whole army have yet done." (Historical Society of Montana photo.)



got mired and were struggling to escape the mud." On June 10th the passengers visited the Mandan village at Fort Berthold. Here Father De Smet debarked to await news of the Sioux.

At Fort Union on the 15th the Wisconsin soldiers joined the garrison ashore and Gad E. Upson, newly appointed agent to the Blackfoot Indians, came aboard. He was accompanied by Little Dog, head chief of the Piegiens. Passing the mouth of the Milk River two days later, the *Yellowstone*, as reported by Buchanan in the *Montana Post*:

"Reached Cow Island the 20th—found swift water. Here commences what is called the bad lands, which are broken bluffs, destitute of timber. On the 20th [we] were informed that the boat would go no further, and announcement was made to set off the passengers and freight. An indignation meeting was called. C. P. Choteau and Capt. Massie were sent for, and interrogated as to their intentions. Mr. Choteau with French state and smooth dissimulation, informed [us] that he had plenty of teams at the Fort, and in seven days the passengers and freight should be [there]. All of which was false, for from this day we lay on the island fourteen days, and the teams have not yet got to the Fort [with the freight], this being the 21st day of July."

On that very day the *Yellowstone* arrived back in St. Louis, having started downstream July 1st and picked up Father De Smet at Fort Berthold July 8th.¹⁹ As freight she brought down 25,000 buffalo hides and "a live buffalo calf." Her indignant upstream passengers meanwhile occupied themselves

on Cow Island building arbors and a mackinaw boat, "during which time it rained every day and the river was in good stage, showing that the *Yellowstone* could have made the trip had she wished so to do . . . July 4th the Cutter passed us in the morning, but was so heavily loaded that she could not take us. In the afternoon the steamboat *Effie Deans*, Capt. La Barge, Master, came up and took on the passengers, but could not take the freight. In the evening we left the island—had no difficulty in passing the rapids, and were steaming up the river . . . July 8th got to the mouth of the Marias River, twelve miles below Fort Benton, in the evening. Here we met the teams that were promised us eighteen days before. These took us to the Fort . . . where we yet remain, the 20th, waiting for our freight. At this fort its inmates, French, Indians, niggers, lice and rags, is so well known to many we will not describe it, but say to strangers, the less you have to do with it the better."

Captain Joseph La Barge with two associates owned the *Effie Deans*, a sternwheeler of 238 tons built in 1863 at Madison, Indiana, for the Keokuk Packet Company. According to Chittenden's life of La Barge:²⁰

"The boat was loaded with the usual assortment of freight, and left St. Louis [April 16th was the actual date] with 49 passengers and a

¹⁹ *Missouri Republican*, July 22, 1864.

²⁰ Hiram M. Chittenden, *History of Early Steamboat Navigation on the Missouri River: Life and Adventures of Joe LaBarge* (New York, 1903), Vol. II, p. 332.



No photographs are available of the original "Benton," which snagged near Sioux City in 1869. This is her proud successor, "Benton II," which also was sunk at Sioux City—but some 28 years later! "Benton II" is shown here tied up at Fort Benton levi in 1888, near the spot where Thomas F. Meagher, Montana's "acting one," was mysteriously drowned in 1867. This steamer belonged to the "Block P" line of famed T. C. Power and Co. (Historical Society of Montana photo.)

cargo of 160 tons. She succeeded in getting only to the Marias River, where the cargo was discharged. The boat was sent back in charge of John La Barge, and the Captain himself remained in the upper country. He hired wagons and took his property up the river, selling part of it in Benton and the rest in Virginia City."

In the records of the Society of Montana Pioneers²¹ published in 1899 only ten out of fifteen hundred members registered their arrival in 1864 by river. Of these six were listed as miners, two as farmers and two as merchants. They came mostly from points in the State of Missouri. The onward route of only one miner is definitely known, but it may well have been typical. Gordon C. Vineyard, of Boonville, Missouri, a passenger on the *Welcome*, proceeded from Fort Benton to Last Chance Gulch (the latest gold discovery, where Helena now stands), then to Alder Gulch (near Virginia City) and back to Last Chance in November. The following spring his wife came up by steamboat to join him in June at Fort Benton. Another miner, William Mayger from St. Louis,²² recorded his arrival by the steamer *Yellowstone*.

Of the two merchants listed, James P. Reinhart of Lexington, Missouri, came upriver on the *Effie Deans* and Henry M. Hill of Milwaukee aboard the *Cutter*. In 1864 another businessman, already resident in the Territory, received a cargo of merchandise, probably in the *Benton*. This was Matthew Carroll, who with George Steell founded the firm of Carroll & Steell at Fort Benton. The partners built the first store outside the fort and later became agents for the extensive wagon freighting business known as the "Diamond R" line. Also among the arrivals of 1864 at Fort Benton was Isaac Gilbert Baker, who came up on the *Yellowstone* to represent Pierre Chouteau, Jr. as chief clerk at the fort. A year later, after Chouteau had sold out his fur company interests, Baker organized the independent firm of I. G. Baker & Co., soon to become one of the two principal trading concerns at Fort Benton.

There were thus seven steamboats, owned by four distinct interests, freighting on the Upper Missouri in 1864 and carrying "gold seekers." The St. Louis and Fort Benton Transportation line

Captain Joseph LaBarge, pioneer navigator and Indian trader, prominently identified with steamboat commerce on the Missouri for more than 50 years, is seen here in later life. LaBarge's "Effie Dean" picked up the disgruntled passengers of the "Yellowstone" which had left them stranded at Cow Island in July, 1864. The long career of Capt. LaBarge is ably traced in the two volume history, "Early Steamboat Navigation on the Missouri," by H. M. Chittenden. (Historical Society of Montana photo, presented by Dr. E. B. Trail.)



operated three boats, the *Benton*, *Welcome* and *Fanny Ogden*. (The *Florence* was also advertised, but lost prior to departure). The "La Crosse line" dispatched two vessels, the *Cutter* and *Chipewewa Falls*. P. Chouteau Jr. & Co. ran the *Yellowstone* and Captain Joseph LaBarge and associates the *Effie Deans*.

Major Upson, whose Indian annuity goods had been off-loaded by the *Yellowstone* at Cow Island, voiced a general criticism of the season's river transport in a letter of July 26th:²³

"With the exception of the steamer *Benton*, the St. Louis steamboatmen have proved themselves totally incompetent to successfully navigate the Missouri river to the head of navigation . . . The St. Louis steamboatmen send up a class of boats drawing from 3½ to 4½ feet of water, and loaded with from two to three hundred tons of freight, which they are compelled to leave on the banks of the Missouri, several hundred miles below the point of destination, on account of the total unfitness of the boats . . . A boat drawing three feet of water can go to Fort Benton and carry one hundred and fifty tons of freight any year, and never want for water."

His indignation undoubtedly stemmed from the anticipation that he would have to distribute the supplies for the Gros Ventres at Cow Island, while those destined for the Blackfeet did not reach Fort Benton until September 19th. But his advice was appar-

²¹ Society of Montana Pioneers, *Register* (Helena, 1899).

²² He later became a principal shareholder in the St. Louis Milling and Mining Company of Marysville. *Montana*, April, 1959, Vol. 9, No. 2, p. 39.

²³ *New York Tribune*, September 15, 1864. See also Upson's official report in House Exec. Doc. No. 1, 38th Cong. 2nd Sess., Serial 1220, pp. 437-42.


(Reproduced by courtesy of the New-York Historical Society)



MONTANA GOLD MINES.
FOR FORT BENTON,

AND

Port Union,
Virginia City,
Bannock City,
Fort Union,
Idaho City.



Deer Lodge Haggins,
Prickly Pear,
Lost Chosen,
Gallatin and Bonanza.

THE NEW, VERY FAST AND LIGHT DRAUGHT

STEAMER LUELLE,

H. K. HAZLETT, Master.

Sails expressly for the Upper Missouri, will leave as above.

On **March** at **6 o'clock, P. M.**

For Freight or Passage, apply to **No. 4-66**

MISSOURI TRUST COMPANY.

The newspaper notices (below) of Missouri River steamboat sailings appeared in "The St. Louis Republican," March 15, 1864. Reproduced by courtesy of Dr. E. B. Trail, Berger, Mo.

For Missouri River.

FOR THE GOLD FIELDS OF IDAHO,
 Virginia City, Bannock City and the Stinking Water Valley Gold Regions.—St. Louis and Fort Benton Freight and Passenger Packet.—For Fort Benton, and the Great Falls of the Missouri.

The entirely new, light draught steamer **BENTON**, T. W. EEA, master, Henry At Dohrman, clerk, will leave for the above and intermediate points on **SATURDAY, March 19th, at 12 o'clock, M.** [mb10] **JOS. McENTIRE, Agent.**

FOR THE GOLD FIELDS OF IDAHO,
 Virginia City, Bannock City and the Stinking Water Valley Gold Regions.—St. Louis and Fort Benton Freight and Passenger Packet.—For Fort Benton and the Great Falls of the Missouri.

The new, light draught, and fast passenger steamer **WELCOMB**, Thomas Townsend, master, Moses Hillard, clerk, will leave for the above and intermediate points on **TUESDAY, April 2d, at 12 M.** [mb10] **JOS. McENTIRE, Agent.**

FOR THE GOLD FIELDS OF IDAHO,
 Virginia City, Bannock City and the Stinking Water Valley Gold Regions.—St. Louis and Fort Benton Freight and Passenger Packet.—For Fort Benton and the Great Falls of the Missouri.

The light draught, and excellent passenger steamer **FLORENCE**, LAWRENCE OHLBACH, master, Wm. M. Tompkins, Jr., clerk, will leave for the above and intermediate points on **SATURDAY, April 16th, at 12 M.** [mb10] **JOS. McENTIRE, Agent.**

FOR THE GOLD FIELDS OF IDAHO,
 Virginia City, Bannock City and the Stinking Water Valley Gold Regions.—St. Louis and Fort Benton Freight and Passenger Packet.—For Fort Benton and the Great Falls of the Missouri.

The exceedingly light draught and fast running steamer **MARCELLA**, Fitzgerald, master, will leave for the above and intermediate points, **Saturday, April 9th, at 12 o'clock, M.** [mb2] **TOM MILLER, Jr., Agent.**

FOR THE GOLD FIELDS OF IDAHO,
 Virginia City, Bannock City and the Stinking Water Valley Gold Regions.—St. Louis and Fort Benton Freight and Passenger Packet.—For Fort Benton and the Great Falls of the Missouri.

The steamer **FANNY OGDEN**, John P. Kelsner, master, will leave for the above and intermediate points, on **TUESDAY, April 13th, at 12 M.** [mb10] **JOS. McENTIRE, Agent.**

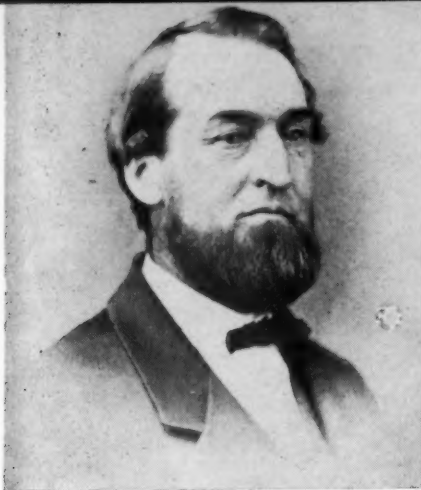
ently heeded when heavy steamboat traffic "for the mountains" began in 1866. New vessels bound upriver that spring were advertised in the St. Louis papers as "loaded to three feet only." They were medium size sternwheelers, with cargoes averaging less than two hundred tons.

Isaac G. Baker (right) arrived in Fort Benton aboard the "Yellowstone" in 1864 to become Pierre Chouteau, Jr.'s chief clerk. When Chouteau sold his interests in 1865, Baker established I. G. Baker & Co., which became one of the leading trading concerns in Fort Benton with its own fleet of river steamers. →

This "Montana Gold Mines" river steamer ticket, (left), circa 1864, was presented to the Historical Society of ← Montana by E. M. Trask of Divide, Mont.

In miniature the '64 river borne transport to the gold fields was somewhat reminiscent of the '49 sea traffic to California. The prospectus of the ship owners had quite as optimistic and urgent a tone, inducements of speed, comfort and safety in comparison to an overland journey were the same, the realization no less disappointing. The indignation meeting aboard the *Yellowstone* paralleled organized protests on the Cape Horners, and desertion of the *Cutter* at Fort Benton gave it kinship to the sailing vessels abandoned in San Francisco Bay. Montana yielded \$16,000,000 of gold in 1864, and more the next year! Yet Fort Benton never became a vast city "with many thousands of inhabitants," although it was a significant regional trade center for almost two decades.

Of the steamboats "to the mountains" in 1864, three made return voyages in later years, the *Benton* for four successive seasons, the *Yellowstone* for two and the *Effie Deans* in 1865. Each reached Fort Benton once or more but disaster soon overtook them all, the last two mentioned burning at their moorings in St. Louis in 1866 and 1867, and the *Benton* being snagged near Sioux City in 1869. The *Cutter* was reported in the spring of 1865 at the mouth of the Marias, serving as supply base for a party of men cutting timber for the new settlement of Ophir. Indians attacked the woodcutters May 25th and killed ten; this ended the project. After exploring the Yellowstone, the *Chippewa Falls* went down river to St. Joe, where Captain Hutchinson left her in October, 1864. No more was heard of "The Idaho Steam Packet Company," though its boats reappeared in the headwaters of the Mississippi, operating under the Davidson flag on the St. Croix



This obscure picture of Capt. William Massie of the "Yellowstone" appeared in the Feb. 6, 1910, issue of the "St. Louis Republican" which carried the captain's obituary. This veteran Missouri River captain was severely taken to task in the first issue of the "Montana Post." He had informed the editors that "we should positively arrive at Fort Benton in 50 days." Bitterly the newsmen reported in their first edition, on file in the Historical Society of Montana: "Some of the passengers he told forty, but we give him every doubt, for God knows he needs it . . . Should he be Captain of a boat where you want to travel, better wait a week for another boat. You will make money by so doing." The voyage to Cow Island actually took 65 days, and Capt. Massie was probably not personally responsible for failure to live up to the advance advertising of his boat.

and Minnesota Rivers. From 1866 to 1868 the *Chippewa Falls* was the first craft in the spring to reach Mankato from St. Paul. In the following year the *Cutter* was wrecked at Stillwater. The names *Benton* and *Yellowstone* continued to make steamboat history in new vessels built especially for the shoal and swift waters of the Upper Missouri.

OLD GRANITE REMEMBERED

"Montana was the state of my childhood and young womanhood, and every number of your beautiful and fascinating magazine brings a nostalgia, a recollection of happy and interesting events long ago laid aside in memory. Dan Cushman's article in this Fall number covering a bit of history of old Granite has been of intense interest to me.

"It was in 1889 that my mother and I, after the long journey from New England, rode the stage from Philipsburg to Granite, to join my father, Fred Snow. Mother was in the back seat between two strangers, and I recall her look of dismay akin to fright as the passengers related their various experiences in the West. I was on the lap of the man next the driver and I can still smell the bottle that passed back and forth.

"On that stage and in the town there was an exhilaration and excitement that was felt even by a small child. Life was lusty, and there was violence and vulgarity, as in all mining camps. But in Granite there was something else to life. The management of the mines was in the hands of men with some ideals. For engineering, clerical and similar occupations young men were engaged from colleges and other training centers. Many brought their young wives with them, or soon went back for their brides. The four churches bespeak a decency in the town. There were reading and card clubs, theatricals, dancing, and after the fine Miners Union Hall was built, grand balls, with music from a city, ladies in handsome gowns and some men in Prince Alberts.

"The devaluation of silver and closing of silver camps in 1893 was a calamity but I do not recall the lawlessness and hysteria Mr. Cushman's article suggests. Departures were not in such haste as to 'leave dishes on the table.' There were reports of robbery and women frightened, but nothing was confirmed. The high pitch of a booming mining camp was suddenly lost, but for the most part the residents set about finding new lives in an orderly manner.

"Incendiaries terrorized the streets of Granite. A hotel went up in flames, but the town was saved by a hastily organized militia. The hotel fire spoken of was that of a miners' lodging house which was unoccupied. This was undoubtedly incendiary, but it was the only 'fire terror.' My father and I were the first to discover the blaze in the glare of an upstairs back room and gave the alarm. There was no militia and it was the men of the neighborhood who volunteered and succeeded in saving adjacent homes.

"Operations in one of the mines were resumed on a reduced scale for about two years, but eventually everything stopped, and one by one the remaining families left the hill. Ours was among the last to leave; I was still a child and the excitement I'd felt when coming to Granite was replaced by the premonition that life would never be the same.

"One or two more comments, please: 'all the area between Philipsburg and Granite became a sprawling town with cabins and streets of cabins along the road.' Once starting up Granite Mountain for the four mile climb the only structures were the Half-Way House and the One-Mile House, where horses were rested and travelers refreshed.

"There were no subdivisions; Magnolia was the avenue of the dwellings of town dignitaries. Many of them from St. Louis (sent there by the McClures), the first snowfall on the boughs of the pine trees across the road reminded the ladies of the magnolia blooms of the south. 'Sunnyside' was the row of houses receiving the glare of the setting sun.

"I commend the devotion of your staff and subscribers to your fine magazine . . ."

Mrs. Bess Snow McCollum
805 Olympia Ave.
Seaside, Calif.



Double-Strand Barbed Wire Fencing

First piece ever made with intention of holding the barbs in place by twisting two strands together. Made in 1874 by Joseph F. Glidden at the old Glidden homestead, De Kalb, Illinois. Twisted on the small crank of a grindstone which Mrs. Glidden turned for the purpose. The wire tightened on the crank and could be removed only by cutting with a cold-chisel. The specimen shows where it was cut away from the crank.

The Wire That Tamed The West

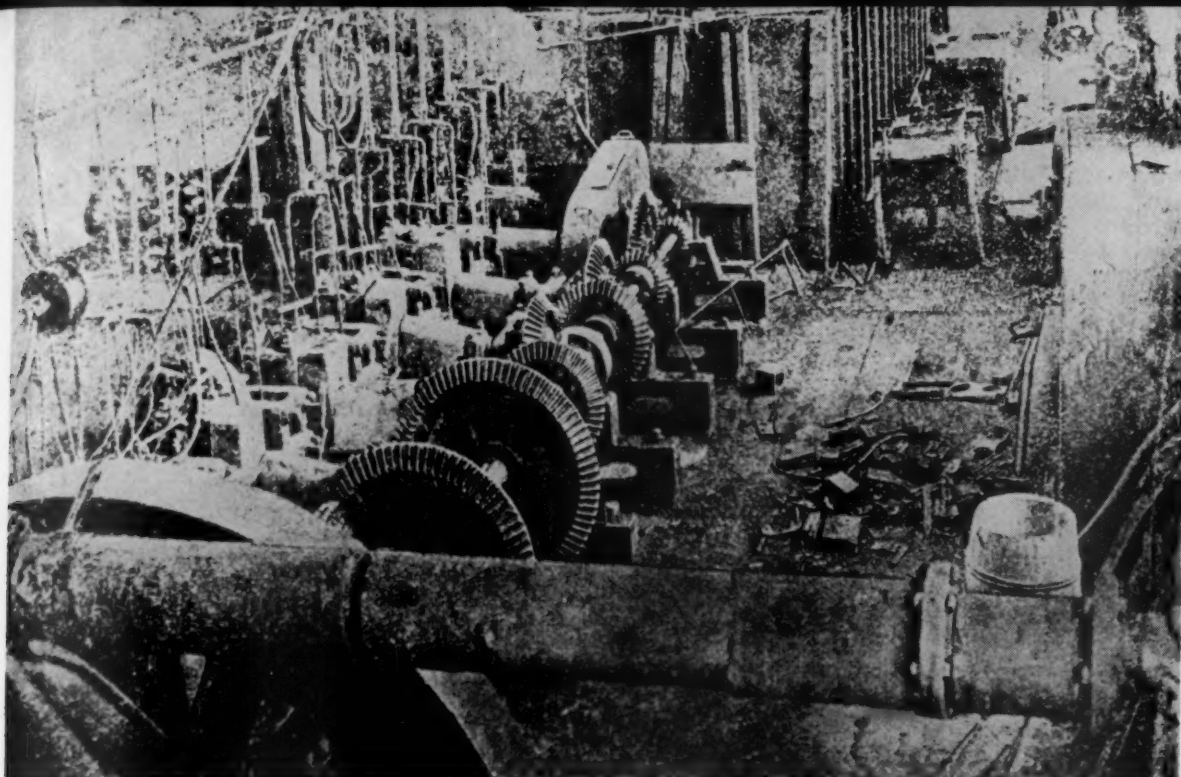
By Wallace Tufford

ONE HUNDRED years ago the West was still wild. Agricultural expansion, continuous since the arrival of the Pilgrims, had ground to a standstill at the banks of the great and muddy Missouri. Beyond to the West, in the Great Plains areas of what are now Nebraska and Kansas, was open range where ranchers grazed their herds. Except for a few homesteads in the valleys, farming, for all practical purposes, ended at the Missouri shore. The reason of this demarcation was the high cost of fencing.

In that critical period of national expansion, fences were generally worth more than the real estate or the livestock they enclosed. Their annual maintenance cost property owners more than the total of their local, state and federal taxes. In the East and South fencing served a double purpose. It helped utilize materials which had to be cleared before the land could be put to use. In New England, where rocks abounded, the walls were made of stone. In the South where the lands were wooded, the rail fence was common. But neither stone nor rail was completely satisfactory. They harbored weeds and pests. Their maintenance was a cruel burden on the farmer. But both types did keep livestock from raiding the crops. They made farming practicable.

Beyond the Missouri, out on the Great Plains, no fencing material was available. There was no great supply of stones. The only timber was in the river valleys and this was exhausted quickly by the first settlers and the railroads. Imported timber was too expensive.

Pioneers, with an agrarian background, hungered for the rich prairies. But the livestock ranchers were against any invasion of the grass by farmers. They influenced legislation and fence-out laws were passed which made the farmer responsible for any fencing that was done. The homesteader obviously could not afford a fence that was worth more than his land, and he couldn't farm without some way to protect his crops from cattle. The fertile lands of the Great Plains remained uncultivated.



The maze of equipment, seen in this extremely rare early photo, depicts the first continuous mill for rolling rods built in America. Manufactured in England, it was installed in the famed Washburn and Moen Manufacturing Co. mill at Worcester, Mass., in 1869. This remarkable machine rolled a single rod at the rate of 3,000 feet per minute, thanks to the mechanized improvements made on it by Charles H. Morgan, the company superintendent. Today, continuous rod mills roll four such rods simultaneously at 6,000 feet per minute. (U. S. Steel Corp. photo.)

For a time, in spite of their many disadvantages, hedges were thought to be the solution to the fence problem in the West. Trouble was, they took up land, a lot of it, and they cast shade. The water they consumed was denied to crops. They spread and required continual pruning. Even though they cost less than half as much as other fences, they were still expensive. But thanks to their many thorns, they became cattle-tight four years after planting. Hedges were used on both sides of the eastern boundaries of Kansas and Nebraska. Many of them can still be seen in that region. They failed as a fence because in the more arid areas of the West there was not enough water for crops, let alone hedges.

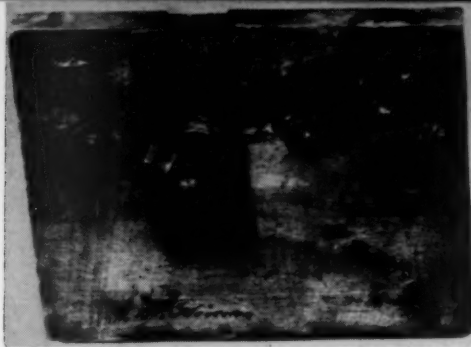
Wallace Tufford of Cheyenne, Wyo., has written a good deal about the West for many publications, including the "Empire Magazine" published by the Denver Post. His article about the impact of barbed wire on the history of the Great Plains marks his first appearance as an author for this magazine.

WINTER 1960

Attempts were made to develop a fence from existing materials. In eastern Nebraska strips of sod were cut, stacked, then plastered with mud. But these disintegrated in the summer thundershowers. Some Texans tried to make mesquite serve as a hedge. Others made fences by wadding tumbleweeds between two rows of posts. A few tried making a wattle fence by lacing brush between posts. None of these barriers proved practical.

There was in existence at that time an almost perfect fencing material—wire. It took up almost no land. It exhausted no soil and shaded no crops. Wind didn't affect it and it made no snow-drifts. It was durable and inexpensive. The only thing wrong with a smooth wire fence was that cattle could crawl through it with ease.

Hopeful men had been trying for years to invent an effective device to repel cattle. Most of these were



Here are pictured in two very rare and faded early photos, two parts of the famous "coffee mill" used by Glidden in the year 1874 at his home in DeKalb, Ill. to form barbs for the first Glidden barbed wire fencing. (U. S. Steel Corp. photo.)

schemes that tried to combine the pricking power of the hedge tree's thorns with the practicality of a wire fence.

By some phenomenon the two most successful forms of barbed wire were developed at almost the same time by two men from the same town, DeKalb, Illinois.

In 1874 Joseph Glidden, a farmer, was granted a patent on a fence idea that he had designed the year before. His first scheme was to twist short wire barbs at intervals along one smooth wire. But this form of wire snarled in manufacture. As he untangled it he decided that he needed two wires twisted together to compose a strand. This proved essential to his wire's success. The two twisted wires held the barbs in their proper space on the wire, prevented them from rotating and counteracted to some extent, the effect of temperature expansion. Sag, caused by steel's expansion under a hot summer sun, was a factor in the ease with which cattle penetrated a smooth wire fence. The type of wire, as developed by Glidden, is the form in common use today.

It has been said that Glidden got his idea when his wife asked him to fence the dogs out of her rose garden. He tried smooth wire. The dogs still entered. He added barbs. The dogs stayed out. It makes a pretty story, but an apocryphal one. It's not true, according to I. L. Ellwood, another fence tinkerer of DeKalb, who later became Glidden's partner. Ellwood claimed that Glidden developed his idea after observing a small, square board with nails driven through it that was exhibited at a county fair.

Shortly after Glidden applied for his patent, Jacob Haish, a lumber dealer in DeKalb, applied for a patent on another practical form of barbed wire. His claim came into conflict with Glidden's in the patent office and moved to the courts where litigation continued for years. Haish's solution was a S-shaped barb held in place by its shape between two twisted wires. This form of fencing is also still in use today.

Both Glidden and Haish were well aware of the commercial possibilities of their inventions. Glidden was manufacturing barbed wire on his farm before his patent became final. He, his wife and the hired man were the entire labor force. In the evenings they cut short lengths of wire for barbs. These were twisted in an old coffee mill converted for the purpose. The next day the spurs were evenly spaced on a wire and set in place by hammering them against an iron block. One end of the wire with the barbs on it and the end of an unadorned wire were fastened to a post. The other ends were attached to a farm grindstone, the stone turned until the wires were twisted and the strand was coiled by hand. The final product was sold locally.

Besides making wire Glidden became busy on other fronts. He formed the Barb Fence Company, and organized a sales force. He started buying the rights of earlier inventors. He pushed the development of a machine to put the barb on the wire. He formed a factory ship with Ellwood, and they secured a factory.

At first operations at the factory were not much better than those on the farm. One boy carried the ends of several



J. F. GLIDDEN



JACOB HAISH



JOHN W. GATES



ISAAC L. ELLWOOD

These men criss-crossed the nation, particularly the Great West, with barbed wire; and thereby changed the course of American history. Joseph F. Glidden and Jacob Haish each patented "barbed wire" and were competitors. Isaac L. Ellwood, also holding a barbed wire patent, bought half of Glidden's patent and established a factory. All this activity centered in DeKalb, Ill., birthplace of barbed wire. Glidden later sold his interests to Washburn and Moen, pioneer wiremakers in the East. John W. Gates, a picturesque salesman in American annals, by means of a rodeo in San Antonio, Tex., in 1877, "sold" cattlemen and farmers on barbed wire and pushed sales to 27 million pounds in one year. In a series of combines and mergers he formed American Steel & Wire Co., which became part of the United States Steel Corp in 1901. (U. S. Steel Corp. photos.)

greased wires to the top of a windmill, which was on the factory grounds. Another boy carried the barbs up in a bucket, they slid the pricklers down the wires, the combinations were taken inside, the pointers spaced and set, the

wire twisted and coiled with very little improvement on the assembly as carried on at the farm.

In a short time a machine which set and twisted the barbs automatically was developed. Meanwhile, the original

sales resistance to barbed wire was overcome and Glidden and Ellwood began to make wire by the carload.

Haish was also busy making and selling barbed wire. Before long the two DeKalb manufacturers were using practically the entire output of their smooth-wire supplier, the Washburn and Moen Co. of Worcester, Mass. This manufacturer became interested in the sudden rush of orders and sent a man to DeKalb. He returned with the barbed wire story. Washburn and Moen decided to try to buy the barbed wire business.

Charles F. Washburn, a vice-president, went to DeKalb. He had a partial success. He bought one-half of Glidden's interest for \$60,000 and a royalty of 25 cents per hundred pounds on the wire to be manufactured. Haish would not sell. He became Washburn and Moen's chief competitor.

Washburn and Moen moved rapidly. They had a machine made which turned out barbed wire completely automatically. They continued consolidating the pertinent prior patents. There were 1,225 fencing patents issued by the U. S. Patent Office by 1881. They were in a courtroom battle with Haish for years. Finally they achieved a monopoly. Then the government moved onto the scene and started a suit for violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.

In spite of the litigation Washburn and Moen prospered. In 1883 their DeKalb factory was producing 600 miles of barbed wire a day. The firm later became the American Steel and Wire Co. which is now a part of United States Steel Co., and is one of the world's leading manufacturers of wire and wire products.

There was sales resistance originally to barbed wire because horses and cattle had had no experience with it. They ran into it at full speed. The resulting wounds were often fatal when infected with screw-worm. It was after viewing the results of one of these collisions that one ranchman said he wished "the man who invented barbed wire had it

all around him in a ball and the ball rolled in hell." But after several years of exposure, cattle and horses learned to be afraid of a barbed wire fence. They learned so well that it was almost impossible to drive a herd of cows through a row of empty posts. The ranchers' main objection to barbed wire was overcome.

Once convinced of the value of barbed wire, some ranchers went to extremes. They fenced everything that they owned, sometimes more than they owned. Roads were blocked. Water holes were closed. Fences were built around the small homesteads and the owners denied access or egress from their land. The fence-cutting wars were the inevitable result. Farmers cut the wire the ranchers built. Ranchers cut when the farmers built. Bitterness and violence were commonplace. Finally state legislatures had to act. Fence cutting was made a felony. Laws were passed to provide rights of access to isolated tracts, rights of way along public roads. These laws helped the westerners to adjust to life with barbed wire.

The invention of barbed wire made many things possible. The farmer could afford the four miles of fence that are on the average 160 acre farm. Homesteading became practical and spread over the plains. Large ranchers, small ranchers and farmers found it possible to live side by side. The cattle drives were stopped by the fences, and this increased the railroads' business and helped their development. Longhorn cattle disappeared as the ranchers learned that with the aid of barbed wire they could use blooded stock and scientific breeding to increase the value of

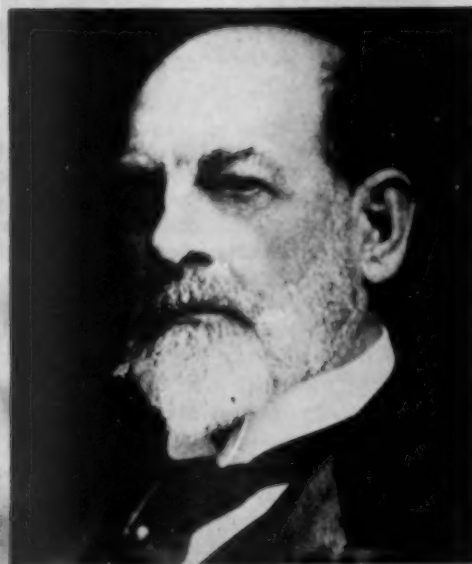




ICHABOD WASHBURN



BENJAMIN GODDARD



WILLIAM E. RICE



PHILIP L. MOEN

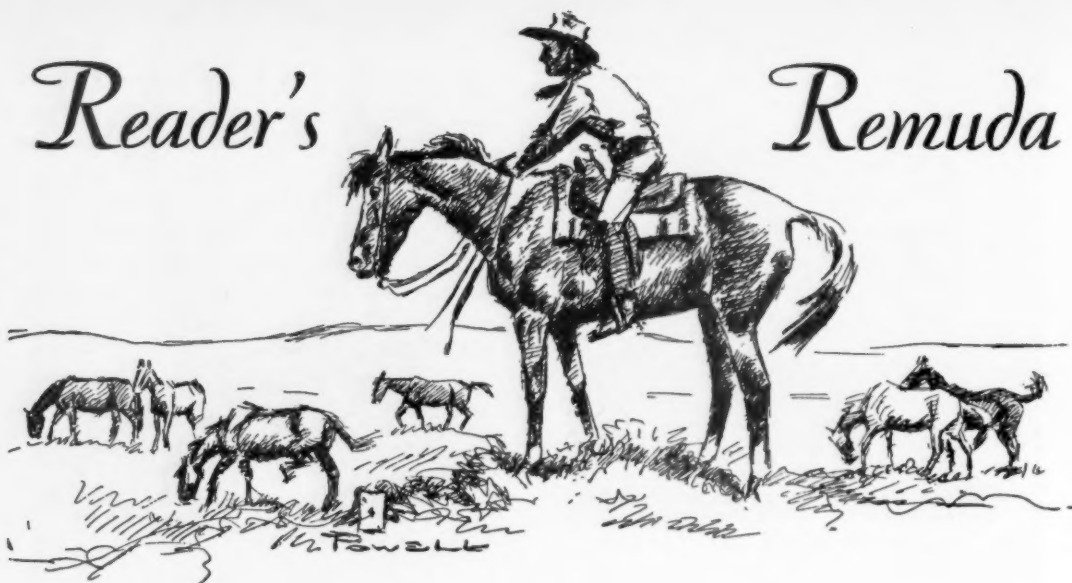
Four men who established and fostered the first successful drawing of wire in America: Ichabod Washburn made the first successful wire drawing frame and joined with Benjamin Goddard in setting up the first successful wire mill in 1831 in Worcester, Mass. Goddard amicably withdrew from the partnership to build woolen machinery. Philip L. Moen joined the firm in 1850 and played a major role in establishing Washburn and Moen Manufacturing Co.—the largest wire company in the nation until the turn of the century. Washburn and Moen were the first and second presidents, respectively, of the company. William E. Rice started with the company in 1852 at the age of 18 and handled its financial activities so well that he was elected its third president in 1891. (U. S. Steel Corp. photos.)

their herds. The sale of staples mounted. Industrial development was hastened. The army and the marine corps found a useful defensive entanglement. Hollywood based hundreds of plots for Grade C Westerns on the fence-cutting wars.

The Great Plains area as we see it today, with its countless farms and ranches, its rapid transportation networks, its growing industries, its reclamation projects and its booming towns and cities, owes much of its well-being to the wire that tamed the West.

Reader's

Remuda



A Roundup of the new western books

Edited by Robert G. Athearn

"GHOST DANCE," by David Humphreys Miller. (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, N. Y., 1959. 335 pp. \$4.95). Our reviewer is Dr. Edgar I. Stewart of the Department of History, Eastern Washington College of Education at Cheney. Dr. Stewart, who needs no introduction to our readers, is eminently qualified to review this new book about the Sioux.

In this very interesting volume David Humphreys Miller presents the story of the Ghost Dance among the Sioux and its final culmination in the massacre at Wounded Knee. Written almost entirely from Indian sources, it depicts the degradation and despair that were common to many Indian tribes in North America in the late 1880's, and which led to the appearance among the Paiutes of a self-styled Messiah, who preached only peace and good-will. Particularly good is the account of the transition of this doctrine, of the addition of new concepts and symbols, such as the Ghost Shirts, and the appearance of new leaders. (Incidentally the student of comparative religions will find much of interest here.) The book also details the course of official action, (it might almost be termed official bungling) arising largely from an ignorance of Indian psychology which was to culminate in the slaughter at Wounded Knee Creek.

Most of the author's statements are without documentation, and if the volume is intended to

be serious history, a few questions might be raised. Most of the information apparently came from the Indians and was secured a full quarter of a century or more after the events described, and one might question the reliability of oral tradition after such a lapse of time, regardless of whether the narrator be white or red. This reviewer would like to have some documentation for the statement that the troops of the Seventh Cavalry had partaken rather freely of alcoholic beverages the night before the massacre. And how does the author know that Captain Myles Moylan was thinking the thoughts attributed to him on page 221?

There are a few inconsequential mistakes. On page 97 "Four Times" is described as Sitting Bull's younger wife, and "Seen-by-Her-Nation" as his first, while on page 183 the latter is described as the younger. It is doubtful if the term "buffalo soldier" for colored troops was original with the Sioux in 1890, since the term had been in use as early as the Nez Perce war of 1877. It is also doubtful if many of the troopers who had survived the Little Big Horn in 1876 were still in the Seventh Cavalry in 1890, although some of the officers were, and the Seventh, as a regiment, still had a score to settle with these self-same Sioux. Nor was this the second time the Seventh Cavalry had come marching into the Indian country, since, to mention only one previous occasion, eleven troops of the regiment had been included in the forces commanded by Nelson A. Miles on the Yellowstone River in 1877.

But all in all this is a very good book and Mr. Miller is to be commended for having written it. A few more books like this and the American people may begin to get the idea that the Indian was not always wrong, and the white man always right. It may also help to correct the impression created by the movies and by TV, and to convince a few people that there were many causes of Indian discontent other than the natural perversity of the red man to give up his home land.

* * *

"PRUDENT SOLDIER: A BIOGRAPHY OF MAJOR GENERAL E. R. S. CANBY, 1817-1873," by Max L. Heyman, Jr. (The Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, Calif., 1959. 418 pp., ill. \$11.00). This review is by Dr. Robert G. Athearn, our book review editor, whose special fields of interest in the Department of History at the University of Colorado cover both the Civil War and the history of the American West.

For almost fifty-six years Edward Richard Spriggs Canby followed a course that was, without question, "prudent." And then, on April 11, 1873, he did a completely imprudent thing. Unarmed, he met with a group of Modoc Indians he had already called "untrustworthy," and died in the blaze of their guns. His rendezvous with "Captain Jack," and others was carried out over the most violent objections of interpreter Frank Riddle who registered a formal protest against the whole idea—in vain. Commissioners A. B.

Meacham (Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon) and L. S. Dyar (Indian Agent) agreed with Riddle, but were overruled by the Prudent One. It was an inglorious death but it did establish a "first" for Canby: he became the first general officer of the United States Army to be killed by Indians. This final act brought to him a fame that no other accomplishment in his career produced. For, as in the Custer case a few years later, the nation was sufficiently horrified by the outrage to demand severe retribution against the natives. Before the press was through with the story, Canby's name was well known by his contemporaries.

This book, however, is not about the general's imprudence. That is reserved for a final short chapter. His story is in many ways typical of West Pointers who graduated in the late thirties and early forties. First, a tour of duty against the Indians (the Seminoles), followed by garrison and recruiting duty, and then action in the Mexican War. Like Sherman (whom Canby knew at West Point), the young officer was stationed for a time in California. After that there was more inspection duty, the Mormon campaign in Utah in 1857, and hunting for Indians in New Mexico.

The only significant action Canby saw during the Civil War was in New Mexico. Early in 1862 the Confederates invaded that Territory bent upon linking their new nation with the West Coast and, if possible, taking over some of Colorado's mineral output. At the end of March the Blue and the Gray clashed at Glorieta Pass, not far from Santa Fe, and with the help of Colorado Volunteers the Federal forces were victorious. This was the high point; after that came a slow but steady Confederate

(University of Wyoming photo.)





withdrawal from New Mexico. In most accounts, including the most recent, Canby does not rate many bouquets. His extreme caution brought down upon his head a good many caustic comments. But Professor Heyman refuses to let his hero acquire any tarnish here and puts up a stout defense for the General's continued prudence. In September, 1862, Canby was transferred back East to become a desk general, serving in New York City and in Washington, D. C. During 1864 and 1865 he assumed an administrative capacity in newly-conquered southern territory, remaining in that area after the war to assist in reconstruction. It was from this duty that he went to Oregon to command the Department of the Columbia, an assignment terminated by his sudden death.

Professor Heyman's book is a very heavily documented biography of one of our lesser-known generals. He may be accused of pampering his subject too much, but this is the standard occupational disease of biographers, and one for which no cure yet has been discovered. Well written, and carefully drawn, it will be of use not only to western historians but also to students of the Reconstruction period. The author has delved so deeply into his subject that it is not likely anyone else will try to duplicate the task for a generation or two. In the meantime, the prudent soldier will take his place in line with the other nineteenth century generals who have found their biographers. Both the lay reader and the scholar will welcome this new recruit.

* * *

"THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS: AN INFORMAL HISTORY OF DENVER AND THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS," by Robert L. Perkin. (Doubleday & Co., Inc., New York, 1959. 624 pp., index, ill. \$5.95). The review is by Carl Ubbelohde of the Department of History, University of Colorado at Boulder.

Robert L. Perkin, the book editor of the newspaper he has chronicled, has titled his story of Denver and the Rocky Mountain News "an informal history." He might have called it an

"unhurried history," for the almost six hundred full-set pages of text provide a lot of elbow-room for him to tell his story. The book might also be termed an "old-fashioned history." It is reminiscent of the leisurely accounts of persons, places, and things that were customary before someone decided that books should not exceed 300 pages of print.

The impatient reader may grow a little tired of this "old fashionedness," and wonder whether the details of a bloomer girl climbing Pike's Peak have an awful lot to do with the Rocky Mountain News. But for the reader who is willing to wander a little now and then along the by-ways and side-ways, "The First Hundred Years" is a rewarding trip. The uniqueness of the relationship between the News and the city it was born in and has grown up with makes its history a significant segment of the history of the city and the region. Others before have suggested the influence of the paper on the development of Denver, particularly during the formative, pioneer period. Perkin has now nailed down that influence—in mining activities, agricultural pursuits, Indian relations, political campaigns, and almost every other facet of life in the Mile High City and the state of Colorado over the past century.

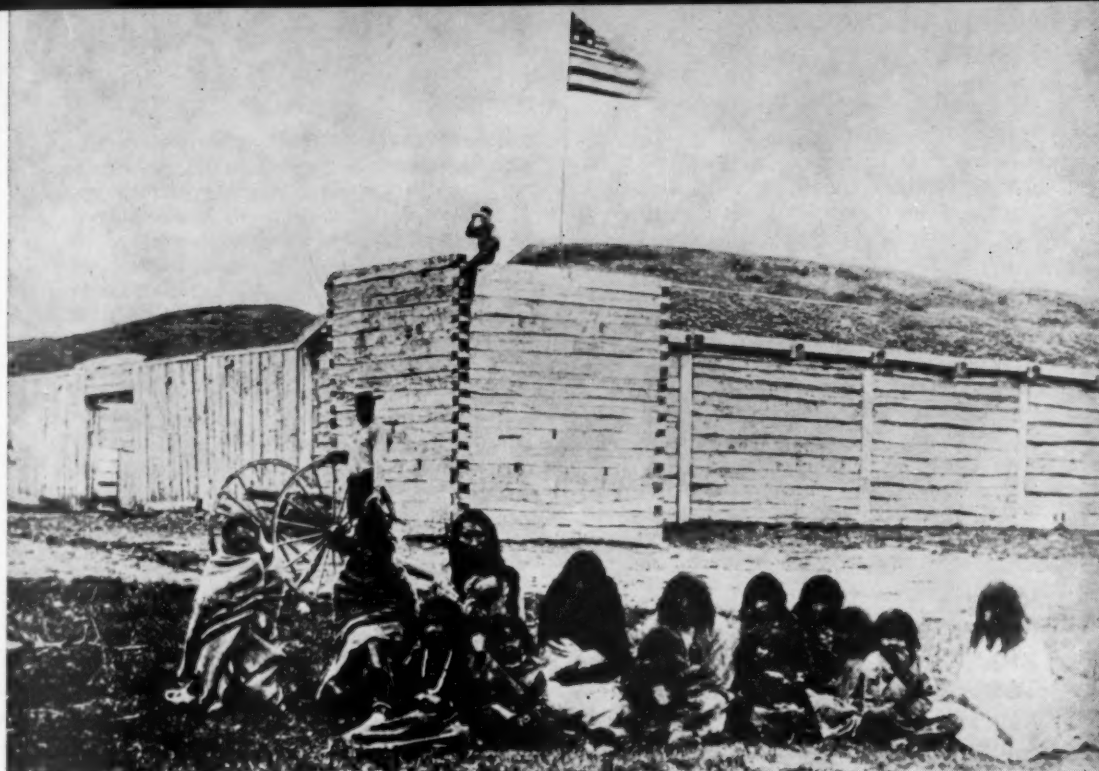
Newspapers are many things, but they are always men, and Perkin has delineated both the pleasant and unpleasant aspects of the personalities of the News: the editors and publishers, reporters and printers from William Byers to Tom Patterson, from John Shaffer to Molly Mayfield. Agreeable insertions of humor and lightness do not disguise the rather solid research foundation upon which Perkin has rested his story. Future students of Colorado's past will undoubtedly come to rely upon "The First Hundred Years" as a basic introduction to a myriad of topics. In that sense, Perkin has put many of us in his debt.

* * *

"ZENAS LEONARD, FUR TRADER," edited by John C. Ewers. (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman. 1959. 172 pp., \$4.00). John Sunder, our reviewer, teaches at the University of Texas. He is the author of *Bill Sublette, Mountain Man*, reviewed in our Autumn, 1959, issue.

John Ewers, former curator of the Museum of the Plains Indian and present planning officer for the Smithsonian Museum of History and Technology, authors and edits with equal ease. He proves that he who writes—in Ewers' case, excellent Indian works—also may edit conscientiously a Western classic.

Zenas Leonard's original account, published in 1839, was reissued in 1904, by W. F. Wagner, and in 1934, by Milo Quaife. Ewers' rendition is the latest tribute to the lasting importance of the



fur trade in American history. Young Zenas Leonard, who went west in 1831 as a trapper for the short-lived Gantt-Blackwell partnership, observed the land and the Indians, fought at the Battle of Pierre's Hole, attended rendezvous, accompanied Joe Walker overland to and from California in 1833-1834, and returned to Missouri in Bonneville's company. Leonard's revelations—including those on Spanish California and the intricacies of the fur business—are as honest and balanced as any reader hopes to find from the pen of an early Westerner. In four years of travel he chalked up mileage comparable in modern terms to a jet-age Secretary of State.

The fast-flowing introduction to the volume includes Leonard's biography and touches highlights of the fur era. In a pertinent point Ewers connects the rendezvous plan to the older institution of the Indian fair. Since reviewers are expected to be critical, one may note that the editor made two or three factual errors. But those errors are minute and do not in any way mar the value of this work.

This attractively dust-jacketed narrative, volume 28 of the Oklahoma Press's American Ex-

ploration and Travel Series, contains full page illustrations, a helpful map, a reasonable index, and an editor's bibliography. Those who like Western Americana should read Zenas Leonard.

* * *

"RECKONING AT RIMBOW," by Norman A. Fox. (Dodd-Mead, New York, \$2.75). Great Falls Author Fox's newest book is reviewed here by Lewis B. Patten, himself a highly successful writer who lives in Denver.

Ross Kingman, a wild young buck who quarreled with his father and left home many years before, returns with his wife and two children to claim the heritage left him by old Waco Kingman in his will.

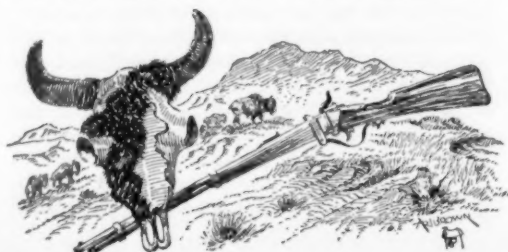
He is met by hostility and hatred on the part of the country's inhabitants who have not forgotten that Waco lost money intrusted to him through unwise speculation.

Ross's house is burned; he is beaten and dragged and is nearly hanged from his own barn. Strong is his inclination to strap on his gun and return violence in kind.

His wife and his own changed character restrain him. His son teaches him, through his own actions, that every David may find, if he is patient enough, a way to defeat his personal Goliath.

But when his daughter is kidnapped, he reacts violently and the story concludes with a violent climax.

Action aplenty in the able Fox tradition.





"MOLLIE: THE JOURNAL OF MOLLIE DORSEY SANFORD IN NEBRASKA AND COLORADO TERRITORIES, 1857-1866," with introduction and notes by Donald F. Danker. (University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1959. ix, 201 pp., \$5.00). Our reviewer is John A. Brennan, doctoral candidate at the University of Colorado at Boulder. His special interest is the history of the American frontier.

The *Journal of Mollie Dorsey Sanford* contains the thoughts, feelings, and life history of a young girl on the edge of the western frontier. The entries reveal Mollie's impressions of pioneer living on the plains of territorial Nebraska, her experiences as the wife of a "Pike's Peaker" at Denver and Gold Hill, Colorado Territory, and her Civil War adventures while stationed at Fort Lyon and Camp Weld with her husband, who served as a lieutenant in the First Colorado Volunteers.

"Mollie" is a valuable addition to the primary source materials pertaining to the frontier. The principle merit of the journal is that it presents a woman's point of view, thus adding to the limited number of first hand accounts of plains and mountain life composed by the fair sex. Mrs. Sanford devoted considerable attention to the details of family life, living conditions, travel and its difficulties. Fortunately, the journal has a literary merit as well for its author wrote interestingly and quite often humorously.

The book warrants the attention of any one with a general interest in Western history and of the social historian as well. Just as the casual reader will become absorbed in the story chronicled by the entries, the student of history will find noteworthy evidence about the frontier recorded in an intelligent and easily read manner.

"THE LIBERAL PARTY IN ALBERTA: A HISTORY OF POLITICS IN THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA, 1905-1921, by Lewis G. Thomas. (University of Toronto Press, 1959. xii, 230 pp., \$5.50). Our review is written by Morris Zaslow of the Department of History, University of Toronto, Canada.

This book traces the birth, growth and eclipse of the first of the three political parties which in succession have governed the Province of Alberta since its inception. As an offshoot of the federal Liberal government which established the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan the party was safely and securely entrenched in office from the time the province came into being. The ties forged in 1905 remained close and tended to minimize conflicts between the two levels of government over control of natural resources, federal grants, public works and other matters. This outward conformity and co-operation with the national governments of its day constitutes the major point of difference between the Liberal government of Alberta and its successors, the United Farmer and Social Credit administrations.

Yet even before 1921 conflicts were inevitable. To remain in office in a province which even then resembled a political monolith, Alberta Liberals had to make a show of upholding interests of a pioneer, rural, agricultural, debtor community against the urbanized, industrial, wealthy east that dominated the national scene. Herein Alberta's politics resembled those of the farm states of the American midwest, and the movement of men and ideas from those states to the young province further enhanced the similarities. The student of American politics will note the steps in the Liberals' surrender to the pressures from a relentless and increasingly militant agrarianism—for loans and guarantees

to farm co-operatives, railways and irrigation projects; public ownership of telephones and other utilities; women's suffrage; the initiative, referendum and recall; progressive social welfare legislation (including prohibition); and political non-partisanship that meant in reality acceptance of the dictates of the farm organizations. The eventual fate of the Liberal government was to be swept aside during the outburst of agrarian radicalism that accompanied the economic, social and political upheavals of the war and postwar years.

This volume is the eighth in a leisurely, somewhat circuitous inquiry into the background of the Social Credit Movement in Alberta, inspired by the Canadian Social Science Research Council and assisted by grants from the Rockefeller Foundation. Something more than a mere party history, it is also a careful, factual, detailed account of the public life of the Province of Alberta for the eventful formative sixteen years that the Liberal party had charge of its government. As such it is also a welcome addition to the growing number of Canadian provincial histories.

* * *

"THE FRONTIERS OF NEW SPAIN, NICOLAS DE LAFORA'S DESCRIPTION, 1766-1768," edited and translated by Lawrence Kinnaird. (The Quivira Society, Berkeley, 1958. 243 pp., 16 ill., index). This review is by Victor C. Dahl, instructor in history at Portland State College in Portland, Oregon.

Lawrence Kinnaird, history professor at the University of California and an authority on Spanish activities in North America, has translated and edited a diary written during an inspection of military installations on Mexico's northwestern frontier from 1766 to 1768. The narrative unveils a fascinating interlude which helps link Spanish to American history in the Southwest. A Spanish-language edition appeared in 1939 and Professor Kinnaird has made it available in English with a splendid scene-setting introduction.

After Cortez's subjugation of the Aztecs and establishment of a "New Spain" in Mexico, Iberian conquerors encountered problems of advancing and maintaining conquests over frontier areas stretching thousands of miles north and west. New Spain reached its terminal limits with the conquest of New Mexico (1598) and colonization of Texas (1716), but Apaches, Comanches and other Indian tribes contained and even arrested Spanish settlements on Mexico's periphery.

Americans too frequently consider a drive into uncivilized regions inhabited by resisting Indians as a peculiarly Anglo-Saxon experience,

forgetting that Spaniards faced similar obstacles in North America. Lafora's diary reveals new Spain's frontier predicaments in the 1760's and, by acquiring the Southwest from an independent Mexico in 1848, the United States government subsequently confronted many of the same difficulties.

In 1766 the Marques de Rubi, a competent Spanish field marshal, headed a military column on an inspection of Mexico's far northern provinces between the Gulfs of California and Mexico. An army engineer, Captain Nicolas de Lafora, served as mapmaker—an important function inasmuch as findings were to be used in overhauling Mexico's defense perimeter. For 23 months Captain Lafora also kept a daily record of sometimes tedious observations of military garrisons, ranches, mines and missions.

Within the present-day United States the examiners spent nearly eight months in New Mexico and Texas. Lafora valued Texas less than New Mexico where nearly 10,000 Spaniards lived amongst a somewhat larger number of semi-Hispanicized Indians. New Mexico's climate, which he likened to Spain's, permitted abundant agricultural and pastoral production, as well as grape culture for wine. He recommended development of a water trade route on the Rio Grande to transport those products to the Gulf. But Texas's climate, terrain, animals and insects left a dismal impression. Comanches kept settlements there in a constant state of



(Drawing by Cornelius C. Smith.)



siege and inhibited Hispanic civilization. The tour came almost within sight of Louisiana which France had ceded to Spain in 1762 for purely diplomatic consideration. Ironically, Spain had colonized Texas as a buffer against French Louisiana, but after 1762 Spain could neither afford to defend Texas nor dared to risk its abandonment.

After completing the 7,600-mile reconnaissance, Marshal Rubi proposed a meticulously itemized frontier defense system with two essential features. Isolated and indefensible areas north of Mexico's natural boundaries should be abandoned; a line of garrisons (presidios) at specified places along Mexico's outer rim would prevent aboriginal invasions. Continuous Indian warfare during the next five years proved the validity of Rubi's assessment and in 1772 the Spanish government largely carried out his suggestions. Thus abandonment of untenable regions solved Mexico's frontier problems.

Lafora's dairy graphically describes conditions influencing Spain's retreat from the Apache-Comanche country and provides an excellent early sketch of one portion of the American West. Soon after publication of Professor Kinnaid's translation, an expert witness testifying before the Indian Claims Commission used it to identify the ancestral habitats of the Jicarilla and Pharaone Apaches and entered it as part of the evidence before the Commission. Besides being useful to the expert, this monumental publication will please everyone interested in the history of the American Southwest.



Notable Books On The Review Editor's Desk . . .

by Robert G. Athearn

Americana readers in general, and Montanans in particular, will welcome an attractive re-issue of Joseph Kinsey Howard's *Montana: High, Wide, and Handsome*. Published first in 1943 it became one of the most widely known books ever written about Montana, one that went through a number of editions and continued to sell very well with each appearance.

There are two new things about this edition. Montana's A. B. "Bud" Guthrie has written a warm, personal introduction in the form of a letter to "Dear Joe," in which he relates something of the book's history and makes comments about what has happened in Montana since Joe's premature death. No one else, except Norman Fox, could have written it. A half dozen excellent drawings, done especially for the book by Peter Hurd, add a good deal to the looks of the volume.

Two criticisms may be offered: Like any other mortal, Joe Howard made an occasional small blooper, which he acknowledged after the book's publication. The economics of printing apparently prohibit corrective alterations in reprint editions and these small flaws remain. Perhaps there was an understandable reluctance on the part of the Yale University Press to tamper with Joe's prose. But the bibliography, now almost twenty years out of date, might well have been supplemented with more

recent materials without interfering with the text. A great deal of excellent Montana history has been written since 1943. Such criticisms in no way diminish the lasting importance of Joe Howard's contribution. No one, to date, has matched his efforts.

THE BEEF BONANZA . . .

Another reprint deserves notice. The University of Oklahoma Press has reissued General James S. Brisbin's *The Beef Bonanza* as a part of its Western Frontier Library. The price of these volumes is an amazingly low two dollars, which in itself is newsworthy in a day of rising costs and more expensive books. Gilbert C. Fite, crack western historian at the University of Oklahoma, wrote an explanatory forward in which he describes some of the larger developments in the range cattle industry, tells something of the author's place on the scene and, in general, provides an adequate framework for the story that follows. Highly recommended.



BEST BUY OF THE YEAR . . .

Western history enthusiasts are apt to miss some good bets in the United States Department of Interior historical handbook series. The government does not make much of an effort to publicize these handsome, well illustrated pamphlets. A recent one, *Scotts Bluff* by the eminent Merrill J. Mattes (number 28 in the series) offers a good account of one of the national monuments, the history of the surrounding country, its importance to the westward movement, and a modern guide to the area. A copy may be had by sending only thirty cents to the Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C. Perhaps the best buy of the year!

BILLINGTON SCORES AGAIN! . . .

Speaking of bargains, here is another—a handbook of western history that will fit into the Levi hip pocket of any armchair frontiersman. Ray Allen Billington, recognized as one of the nation's leading historians of the American westward movement, has written *The Westward Movement in the United States*. It is number 37 in the Anvil Original Series, published by D. Van Nostrand Company, Inc., Princeton, New Jersey and it sells for \$1.25! The first half of the book is a penetrating, well-written description of the frontier movement from colonial days down to the last (TV-movie) frontier. Part two offers a carefully selected group of significant documents that permit the reader to sample the original flavor of some earlier, more contemporary writings about the great movement.



FASCINATING FICTION . . .

Those who lean toward fiction will want a look at W. R. Burnett's latest effort, *Mi Amigo*, published by Alfred A. Knopf. In format it looks much like its predecessor, *Bitter Ground*, published a year earlier. But there the comparison ends. This is a far better book. The story concerns a young western hoodlum of the Southwest whose description and activities sound suspiciously like those of Billy the Kid, and a tough but big-hearted army sergeant who befriends him, and spends the rest of the book wondering if his faith has been misplaced. For a solution of that dilemma, see *Mi Amigo*. Real entertainment and Burnett at his best.





LONG JOHN DUNN . . .

More of the Southwest—fact, but dramatic enough to be fiction—is presented in Max Evans' *Long John Dunn of Taos*. (Westernlore Press, P. O. Box 41073, Los Angeles 41; \$5.75). Stories of old timers sometimes are boring and often hard to believe. But this one makes perfectly grand reading. John Dunn, who lived into his nineties, spent the latter part of his life at Taos. It was here that Max Evans sat down and listened, then wrote. As the author says of Long John: "He was top-notch in everything he did. John was one of the best gun fighters, gamblers, bronc-riders, ropers, stage-coach drivers, trail-herd drivers, saloon-keepers, out-laws and, ironically, a hard-headed businessman!" The account is frank, and often funny. Don Louis Perceval drew one of the most interesting dust-jackets for the book that this reader has seen for a long time. Thoroughly worthwhile.

A COLLECTOR'S BONANZA . . .

"With the national price index constantly adding to inflationary pressures," etc., (as an economist so states) most of us do not consider any \$10 item as a bargain. Yet the Historical Society of Montana has brought out another rare and excellent collector's piece—and



the price of \$9.50 leaves four-bits out of the ten-spot for a short beer. I refer specifically to a beautifully bound volume, limited edition (only 200) of the four copies 1957 of *Montana, the magazine of western history*. When one considers that collectors now offer a cool \$100 per set for earlier issues of the magazine (Vols. I, II and II; 1951-2-3) this attractive book becomes a bargain, as well as a jewel, in the field of Western Americana. Editor Kennedy, with a nod back to his ancestral clan, has chosen genuine Irish linen for the binding. On this has been placed a bright, four-color reproduction of a famous C. M. Russell painting; and inside as endsheets front and back (size 10½ x 14½) is the dramatic Russell watercolor, his final tribute to the land



he loved, "When Cows Were Wild." The contents, of course, are those inimitable tid-bits of authentic, colorful frontier history which have made *Montana* "the most widely read journal of documented western history in existence." Without listing all of the 28 articles and monographs, I simply list ten which alone are worth a dollar's value each for information, erudition and vicarious pleasure: *Flour Famine in Alder Gulch*, 1864 by Dorothy M. Johnson; *Last Roundup* by Mark H. Brown; *Buffalo Bill's Bronc Fighter* by Roy Sylvan Dunn; *Sweetgrass Hills Massacre* by Hugh A. Dempsey; *Good Medicine* by Helen Raynor Mackay; *Return to the Beloved Mountains* by James Willard Schultz; *The Washburn-Doane Expedition of 1870* by W. Turrentine Jackson; *New Mexican Machiavelli* by David H. Stratton; *Rangeland Rembrandt*, *The Incomparable Charles Marion Russell*



by F. G. Renner; and *Thirty-Seven Days of Peril* by Truman C. Everts. In addition, most of the significant western books of 1957 are reviewed by such experts as Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Dorothy M. Johnson, Earl Pomeroy, Carl Ubbelohde, Edgar I. Stewart, Merrill J. Mattes, Muriel Sibell Wolle, James G. Olson, K. Ross Toole, Robert E. Riegel, Michael Kennedy, Paul F. Sharp, Dabney Otis Collins, Ramon F. Adams and Francis Paul Prucha plus 16 other books by these and other reviewers. These will go like hotcakes, so it's a matter of 'first come, first served!', Kennedy says.

* * *

A belated word is in order for *Back Trailing in the Heart of the Short Grass Country*, an unconventional volume about the Northern cow country by an authentic old-timer, John O. Bye. The Montana Historical Society has latched onto copies of this 500-page collector's item. Included are two large maps which add to the historic value: a Texas Trails map and a ranch and range location map of the northern short-grass states. Author Bye, who just turned 76 years young, includes in his book the tragedy, hardship and romance of the open range era. It has been well received by old cattlemen still living as well as by historical and reference libraries. This is the real McCoy.

A Rare Gift For Yourself . . .

Alas, the supply is not at all commensurate with the demand . . .

We refer to the new, limited bound editions of this magazine . . . The prized "collector's bonanza" mentioned on page 76 . . .

If you are fortunate enough to get your order in early, you'll be only one of less than 200 people in all the world to own either the 1957 volume (now available) or very shortly, the 1958 or 1959 limited editions now at the bindery . . .

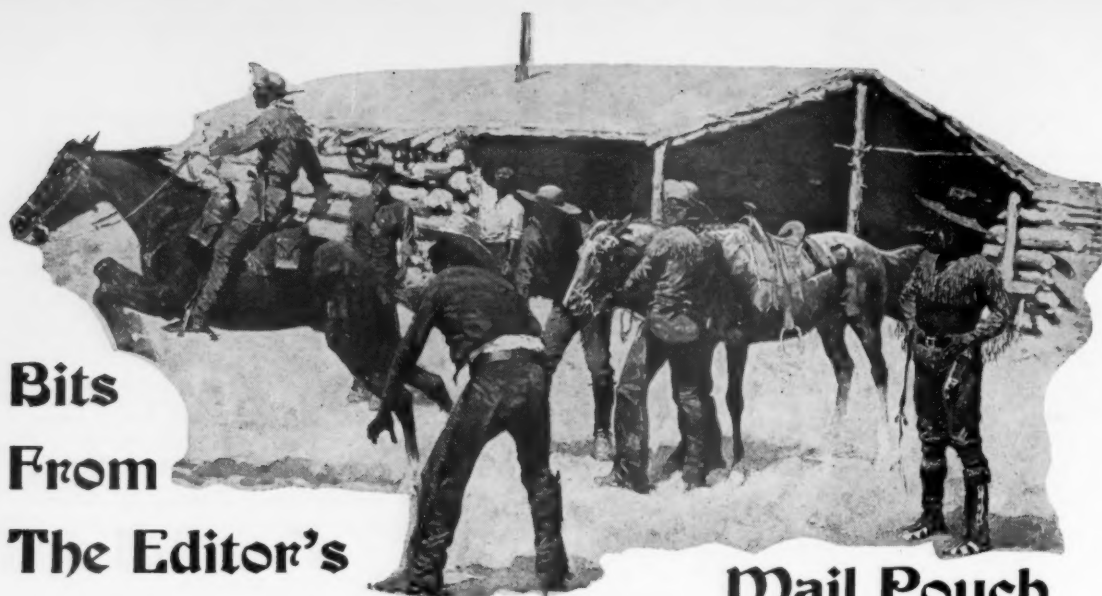
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Bits From The Editor's

Mail Pouch

THE GRAFT THAT FAILED

"... I am enjoying very much the Autumn edition and the article 'The Graft That Failed' which tells of the building of Montana's capitol. It is a very human document and I am looking forward to reading more in the next issue. The story of the twin silver camps of Granite and Philipsburg is certainly like something from an old chronicle and I am sorry that the ventures failed... I do want you to know how much we appreciate your grand worthwhile magazine and I'll always be grateful to my dear uncle [John J. Holmes] for introducing me to it..."

Sister M. Rosarii
Mercy Convent
Roscommon, Ireland

* * *

"I have read the Whiteside article in the October number of the Montana Magazine, and think it is wonderful and does credit to the memory of one of Montana's outstanding characters who played such a distinguished part when Montana's early day history was in the making..."

"I think Dorothy Johnson did a splendid job whipping the story into shape, and your timely comments were most appropriate."

Thomas A. Busey
108 4th Ave. East
Kalispell, Montana

Mr. Busey, a close personal friend of Fred Whiteside, has been of valuable assistance to Miss Johnson and to our editorial staff in preparing the Whiteside journals for publication in MONTANA. See "Three Hundred Grand" in this issue for the second segment.

* * *

THE COWBOY AT WORK

"... I know nothing about W. I. Robertson as to his qualifications for writing an authoritative review on *The Cowboy at Work* (Autumn, 1959). He assumes that I am unaware of many things concerning the history of the cowboy. What he doesn't know is that I had to be brief on many subjects, the material had to be cut way down to reduce the price of publishing the book. Of course I did not deal with the post-hole diggers, tractors and jeeps and squeeze chutes of today as the 'Cowboy Today' is a book in itself.

"What I did write in the manual were methods of procedure used on the open range when I wrangled

horses for big cow outfits and rode roughstring as well as breaking broncs and being a cowhand. What I have incorporated in the book is authentic and can be verified by any old experienced cowhand.

"I am interested in seeing some qualified cowhand express his opinion in regard to Robertson's review in the near future and I hope it will be found in the pages of your valuable publication *Montana*, as something should be said about the book by men of range experience.

"I have a high regard for the *Montana* magazine as it pertains to those things I have always been interested in—the Old West—and I always look forward to each new issue; it is second to none and I am sure it will improve 'with age' if such a thing is possible."

Fay E. Ward
Box 237
Mayer, Arizona

We appreciate Author Ward's words and welcome any letters such as he suggests from qualified old-timers. For a sample, see the one which follows.

* * *

"Who is the reviewer W. I. 'Bob' Robertson? What is his background? It appears he does not qualify to write a review on the book *Cowboy at Work* by Fay E. Ward (Autumn, 1959). Mr. Robertson would not make a pimple on a weather-beaten cowboy's face. It was very uncalled for [for] a man of his caliber to write a review and criticize the work [in] *Cowboy at Work*. Its author wrote from actual experience and wrote in a good clear understanding and in good style. Any old cowboy of the old school will agree with him..."

"Mr. Robertson certainly did not put himself in the spotlight as a reviewer... He is not entitled to a vote of thanks, for he put poison in that review... Something should be done to ease the tension or the sale of the book will hurt. He put the wrong kind of pressure in that review.

"Hope Mr. Ward will stick to his guns. He has many cowboy friends who support him and vouch for him in his methods of doing cowboy work."

A. S. Gillespie
1620 Rainbow
Laramie, Wyoming

Thus far, in the letters we have received, Author Ward is vindicated and Reviewer Robertson is considered to be a rattlesnake in sheep's clothing. "Bob" Robertson can defend himself, of that we are certain. His letter follows.

ROBERTSON REPLIES

"... About me there isn't much to say that is very exciting. I was born in the Sage district of Riverside County, California, on June 17, 1902, and was named Wallace Irving Robertson by my father, Mark Merrill Robertson, the Kansas-born son of William and Sophronia Robertson, and my mother, Lena Melinda Robertson, the Californian daughter of Samuel and Caroline Tripp.

"Before World War I, my old *querencia*, Sage, was 'way out in the sticks,' surrounded by Indian reservations, old cattle ranches that had been Spanish and Mexican land grants, and some of the old Franciscan mission holdings that had not been completely broken up.

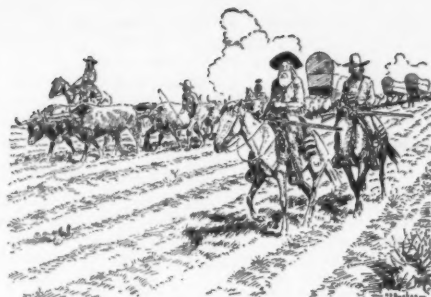
"Our neighbors, before wars, paved roads, homestead laws, 'dust bowls' and 'progress' changed everything, were mostly stockmen. The Indians raised cattle and horses on the reservations and spoke the Spanish and used the methods taught them by their mission-converted forebears. Spanish descendants of the old colonial families still held portions of some of the early grants.

"Mexico was a one-day horseback ride from our *rincon* and buckskin-colored, brindle and calico cattle still came from that country when I was old enough to dream of being a *vaquero* and *un buen jinete*.

"A few Texans had drifted onto our range before I was born and their lingo and 'rimmy' outfits were laughing stock of the Californians after I was grown. (The *tejanos* are having the last laugh now. Movie, TV, rodee-ee-oh and dude ranch outfits and a lot of the jargon of 'western stories' derived from the 'Texas style'. The 'California style' of outfits, methods and customs have almost drifted into oblivion).

"Within a few years after Hollywood opened with *The Great Cowboy Travesty*, which is still playing to full houses after almost 50 years, and the wild West show was formalized at Pendleton and Calgary, those of us who worked on stock ranches found ourselves spending more time on mowers, hay rakes and balers than on horseback. Most of us found ourselves more in the stock-feeding business than in stock ranging. And, since stock feeding is more farmer's business than a cowman's occupation, many of us drifted from ranching to other fields.

"From cow ranching I went into Forest Service and then into law enforcement. During World War II I was in defense work in Alaska and, altogether, spent almost 13 years working and travelling in Alaska, Canada and the northwestern United States. Since New Years, 1954, Carson City has been home and since July, 1956, I have been a correctional officer at the Nevada State Prison.



"Until recent years I have had an owner-interest in ranch property and have never lost a personal interest in old-time Western stockmen, the cowmen and horsemen of pre-horse-trailer times. That personal interest and homesickness have led to an acquaintanceship with cowmen and their riders from one end of the West to the other. The West of which I speak even includes Texas and the trail ends in British Columbia, Yukon Territory and Alaska. Not among my *conocidos*, my acquaintances, are many 'cowboys'. They belong to a different West than the one I knew and, when one of them strays off his 'picture set' or his dude ranch, or out of his area, I think anyone related to real 'cow people' should grab a quirt and run the shorthorn back where he belongs. I think, too, that it is a fighting matter when a 'cowboy' makes the illegitimate claim of relationship to old-time cowmen.

"Besides my five-days-a-week job at the prison, I spend about seven days each week thinking up new bad names for 'cowboys' and collecting everything I can find—and can afford—related to the cowman's West before Hollywood billed *The Great Travesty*. In memory of old-time Western people—my people—I work in the hope that an interest in the truth about them may be born and grow."

W. I. (Bob) Robertson
Box 335
Carson City, Nev.

PARRY LETTERS

"Many thanks for the excellent job that you did on my grandfather's letters. I have received many favorable comments about the Autumn 1959 issue of *Montana* in general and about the letters in particular.

"You may be interested in my doubts about one of the illustrations used. In my opinion the Colorado City that is now a suburb of Colorado Springs was not the one mentioned by my grandfather as being 'in embryo opposite us' in a letter written from Fort Sedgwick. At that point he had not yet reached the Rocky Mountains.

"If you mention this in your 'Editor's Packet' perhaps you could also correct a minor error in the spelling of my father's name. He was named George Gowen Parry after Colonel George W. Gowen, the commanding officer of the 48th Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, who was killed on April 1, 1865 before Petersburg. Colonel Gowen was Dr. H. C. Parry's best friend. The 48th Pennsylvania was the Petersburg mine explosion outfit.

"It might be of interest to readers of 'What Was in the Old Trunk' that three long Civil War letters were also part of the collection. Dr. H. C. Parry wrote describing the battle of Cedar Creek, a cavalry raid of the Army of the Shenandoah in which he took part, and about Colonel Gowen's death before Petersburg, which he witnessed. These letters are now in the rare book collection at the University of Pennsylvania Library."

Edward O. Parry
3315 Stockholm Road
Shaker Heights, Ohio



"I have been feasting on the Autumn [1959] number, my eye falling immediately upon the photo [page 30] taken at Fort Sanders. It shows two Model '66 Winchester, a rifle and a carbine, and is perhaps the earliest such picture in existence. You give the source as Union Pacific, and the date as 1867, which makes me wonder if this is a W. H. Jackson photo. He made a series for the railroad that year.

"I think you are going to hear from readers on the Railroad Map of '1875'. It shows the No. Pacific and the So. Pacific completed at that date, the Central Pacific running south of Gt. Salt Lake to end at Sacramento, the division of 1889 between No. and So. Dakota, and Fort Buford where Ft. Peck is. Surely such anachronisms . . . are not 'historic'."

John E. Parsons
40 Wall Street
New York 5, N. Y.

The "Far West" Map of 1875 which was published in the Autumn 1959 issue caught the eye of other readers, too. This was published, through courtesy of the Yale University Press, because we thought it would be of interest, but we didn't want it to be used as an authoritative source.

* * *

APOLOGIES TO SITTING BULL AND RAIN-IN-THE-FACE

"I am confused by the identification of two Sioux Indians whose pictures appear on pages 47 and 49 of your Autumn 1959 issue of MONTANA. The Indian on page 47 is identified as Sitting Bull whereas I feel sure that he is Spotted Tail; and the Indian on page 49 as Rain-in-the-Face whereas I feel even more certain that he is John Grass. If I am in error in the evidence I present below, please inform me.

"On page 456 of Bureau of American Ethnology Bulletin 61—*Teton Sioux Music* by Frances Densmore—appears the identical picture you present on page 49. It is in this authoritative work listed as that of John Grass or Charging Bear, a Blackfoot Sioux (Sihaspas) Indian of local renown and distinction . . .

"Secondly, the picture on page 47 is that of the famous Rosebud Brule Sioux head chief Spotted Tail. It is a less well known pose taken at the same time from a different angle . . . of the better known full length picture of this Sioux leader . . . See this full length picture of Spotted Tail in Bourke's *On the Border With Crook*, page 96; in Doane Robinson's *A History of the Dakota or Sioux Indians*, page 448 of 1956 reprint, or in many earlier works . . ."

Denton R. Bedford
3207 North Tindle Dr.
Flagstaff, Arizona

* * *

"I know how you must be feeling at this time—I have the same sink when an issue is out and caption errors pop up. Sitting Bull on page 47 is really Spotted Tail . . . and the lad on page 49 just ain't Rain. Can almost name him but the name escapes me. [It is John Grass.] To some, Indians have a marked resemblance and no doubt it is easy to make errors like this from a photo file.

"The issue as a whole—as always with your fine effort—continues to be outstanding and educational. Well done. Hope that your trail is a smooth one and that good luck is hounding you."

Gene Price, Editor
The Beacon
Ohio Oil Company
539 South Main St.
Findlay, Ohio

Reader Bedford and Fellow Editor Price are two of several readers who recognized the incorrectly captioned Indian pictures used in our Autumn 1959 issue. With the help of the Bureau of American Ethnology and other sources, our cut files have been corrected. Our apologies.

OTHER BITS, GOOD AND BAD

"I have several grandchildren who are very much interested in Montana and the stories about its early history. When my son Edward, who is associated with me, proposed going on a trip to Europe this spring, his daughter Kendall, who is 14, said to him 'Why go to Europe? I want to go to Montana—you can go to Europe any time!'"

Burton K. Wheeler
15th and H Sts. N. W.
Washington 5, D. C.

* * *

"Having lived in Montana for many years, receiving *Montana* is like a letter from home. And as the editors' efforts to be authentic are very evident, it grieves the writer to point to an error in his first letter. However, as any old timer will tell you, your early day picture of Glendale, page 29, July 1959 issue, is in reality the town of Wickes, pictured on page 21, same issue. A check of the buildings will bare this out.

"Thanks for a very good magazine."

A. E. Pauley
2912 N. W. 151st
Vancouver, Wash.

Reader Pauley is right. He caught an error later corrected.

* * *

"Thanks for your splendid story about my book [Autumn, 1959, page 54]. I couldn't have done better myself, in fact I couldn't have been half so complimentary . . .

"May I add a word to the very many you received about your magazine. To me it is the best western magazine published today."

Jim Masterson
Miles City, Montana

* * *

"You are doing a grand job in filling your magazine with so many interesting articles. Could you please furnish address of E. M. Richardson, author of 'The Forgotten Haycutters' in the Summer 1959 issue?"

Paul W. Kieser
3548 Harley Road
Toledo 13, Ohio

* * *

"I received my Autumn copy of *Montana* magazine . . . and will state that it is 'bully' as Theodore Roosevelt would say. When will I receive my Winter copy? It's all too good to miss a single issue . . ."

C. H. Runyon
428 Gladstone Ave.
Aurora, Illinois



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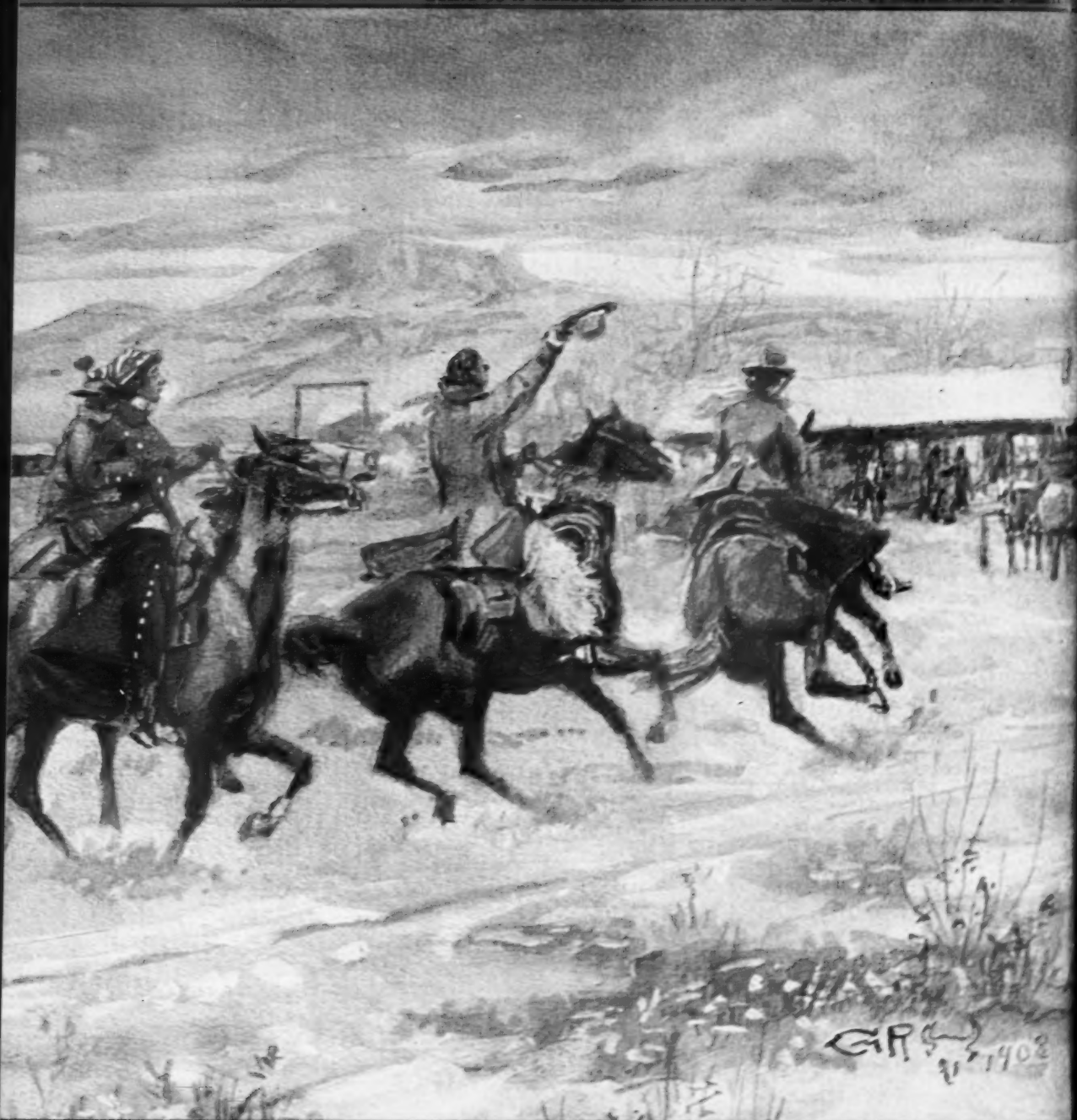
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Season's Greetings . . .

GOING TO A CHRISTMAS RANCH PARTY IN THE 1880's. by Charles Marion Russell



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